GRANBY.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

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GRANBY.

CHAP. I.

Every funeral may justly be considered as a summons to prepare for that state into which it shews us that we must some time enter; and the summons is more loud and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. JOHNSON.

THE following morning was that appointed for the funeral; and Granby rose, oppressed with a sense of the melancholy scene in which he soon must act a part. The disclosure of the last night seemed like a troubled dream; and at first he almost questioned its reality. But soon an anxious thought arose. In a few hours he should find himself in the presence of Lord Malton. This would prove a trying situation.

He could not suffer Lord Malton to depart in the belief of his ignorance of the real relation in which they now stood towards each other; and he knew not whether he ought even to allow a meeting to take place, without first informing him of the present posture of affairs. He determined that he ought not, and accordingly addressed to him the following letter:—

"My Dear Lord,

"At the time when I sent you the melancholy intelligence of my uncle's death, I was not in possession of any facts relating either to you or to myself, my knowledge of which it was necessary to intimate. Had I then known what I now know, I should have thought it my duty, even in that hour of grief, to have informed you of it. Since that time I have made a discovery of great moment. Yesterday evening I found papers containing the full account, and also the proofs, of a transaction which took place in the year 1790. The proofs consist of two state-

ments, one in your hand-writing, and signed with your name, and the other written by my late uncle, and bearing the signatures of Jane and Mary Wilson. I think it proper candidly and explicitly to state to you the whole of the documents of which I am possessed. If it is your wish, I shall be happy to furnish you with copies of them all. We are soon about to meet in the discharge of a mournful duty; and I may therefore seem to have acted unnecessarily, in having sent you a previous written explanation of that which I might so soon relate to you in person. But I thought this course would spare much that must be painful to the feelings of us both. I felt unequal at such a time to make the disclosure personally; nor am I certain that such would be the most proper method of proceeding. I thought it hardly consistent with a due regard to your feelings, to allow you to enter unsuspectingly the presence of one who was possessed, unknown to you, of a secret so important. I will, with your permission, reserve

all further discussion of this subject for another time; and meanwhile, believe me, my dear Lord, your's very faithfully,

"H. GRANBY."

Having written this letter, he dispatched it by a servant, whom he directed to take the road by which Lord Malton was expected to come, and give it to him without delay.

The messenger who had been dispatched with this letter soon returned, and said that he had met his Lordship, and had delivered it into his own hands: that Lord Malton stopped the carriage while he read the letter, and desired him to wait and see if any answer was required. The servant being further questioned by Granby, said, that after reading the note, Lord Malton did not immediately issue directions, but threw himself back in his carriage, and covered his eyes with his hand. At length he looked up, very pale and agitated, and told the servant to return immediately and inform his master of

his coming. He then inquired the distance to Ashton; and as the servant was riding away, he heard him order his people to drive on slowly.

The distance between Ashton and the place where the servant met Lord Malton, was not great; and although the servant had ridden fast, he was not likely to precede Lord Malton by more than an hour. His arrival might therefore be shortly expected; and Granby looked forward to it with an anxiety which even his grief could not absorb. Undoubtedly he was rendered, by the present deep cause of sorrow, less accessible than at other times to the uneasy feelings which such a meeting would excite; but his spirits had been greatly harassed, and his frame weakened, by the agitation of his mind, and he was but little equal to this fresh trial.

Meanwhile, several of the friends of his late uncle, some of whom had come from far to pay their last tribute of respect, now began to assemble; and presently a carriage and four, with a viscount's coronet on the pannels, drove slowly up to the house. Granby's heart beat

quick, while a low whisper ran round the room, that Lord Malton had arrived. In a few seconds the door was thrown open, and his Lordship entered the room.

All who were seated rose to receive him; and Granby advanced a little from out of the circle, and half raised his hand to welcome him. But his hand was no sooner raised than dropped. That of Lord Malton, instead of being also extended, had been thrust hastily into his breast, while he bowed solemnly to Granby, walked past him, and without a glance at the rest of the party, threw himself into a chair.

His countenance was pale and sad, but it had not the meek composure of grief. Other feelings mingling there, had stamped on it their troubled image. Emotion of another kind was still more powerful than sorrow, if one could read aright that haggard, wrinkled brow—that downcast but restless eye—and the lips compressed so stubbornly and firmly, as if to controul their quiverings.

He gave Granby but one look—one short,

penetrating look. It would have been difficult to say exactly what that look conveyed, but it was not the harbinger of peace and kindness. Granby understood this well, and saw with sorrow that thoughts were rankling in the breast of his relation, which even the loss of an ancient friend had not the power to subdue. Lord Malton sat for a few minutes, with folded arms, and head bent forward on his breast, as if attempting to abstract himself from the passing scene. Presently he cast round his eyes with fearfulness and hesitation, and exchanged a slight bow of acknowledgment with such of the party as he knew, and then relapsed once more into stern and sullen abstraction.

Lord Malton's entrance had been followed by a dead silence; which, though the occasion of the meeting might seem to justify it upon the score of sorrow, was felt by many to be oppressive and distressing. By none was this more keenly felt than by Henry Granby; for he both knew the cause of Lord Malton's altered manner, and was conscious that his own was the

voice which ought first to break the pause. He therefore gently approached Lord Malton's chair.

"This is but the second time, my lord, that we have met," said he, in a low and tremulous voice.

Lord Malton made no answer, nor did he even look at Henry again. On the contrary, he drew his hand across his forehead, and compressed his lips more strongly, as if to manifest the plainer his resolution not to speak. Granby drew back dispirited and distressed. Thus repulsed, he could not venture to address Lord Malton a second time. He thought that such an attempt would but betray more glaringly his alienated sentiments.

When next he ventured to look round, he saw the quick and benevolent eye of Mr. Thornton, the clergyman of Ashton, glance from him to Lord Malton, with an air of sad and anxious inquiry.

A dreadful interval succeeded; but the time of the funeral was at hand, and even its afflicting preparation, and the putting on of cloaks and scarfs then came as a seasonable relief.

CHAP. II.

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my Lord, let me compound this strife.
Henry VI. Part II.

We must now suppose the last ceremony performed, and many a tear dropped to the memory of the kind and generous being who was then committed to the grave—the funeral array dispersed—and the parties re-assembled.

Lord Malton's countenance shewed no varying symptoms of emotion; but at one time its paleness became even ghastly, his strength appeared to be failing him, and he eagerly seized the nearest support.

Granby ceased to observe him. He was now

absorbed by a grief as poignant as that with which he witnessed his uncle's death. This was a final separation; and the previous dissolution seemed but a preparatory blow. Even after life has fled, the visible presence of a departed friend almost cheats us into a persuasion that the tie is not yet indissolubly broken. But the grave removes all outward trace; and our grief receives a fresh impulse, when compelled to look our last.

The minutes slowly passed away, and some of the party began to depart; but no favourable change had yet been observed in the repulsive manner of Lord Malton. He had spoken occasionally to some of those who were present, but not one word had he exchanged with Granby. This was probably observed by all, but by none so much as by Mr. Thornton, the clergyman of Ashton, who had long known the late General, and consequently felt both grief for his loss, and interest in the fortunes of his successor.

Mr. Thornton was a truly exemplary specimen of a parish priest: strict, though not austere; pious, though not an enthusiast; zealous without bigotry; and tolerant without lukewarmness. He was a man of true humility—of unostentatious, unambitious benevolence. He did good for its own sake, and not that the fame of the doer might be blazoned. He thought not of public opinion, when a benevolent object was in view. Perhaps he consulted it too little. But this was an amiable fault. His zeal would sometimes be more conspicuous than his judgment; but it was an unpretending zeal, which pride had never influenced. Worldly fame he disregarded. He would rather be a steady than a "shining" light. He was no excursive proselytist; and did not leave his flock unheeded, while his wandering eyes were stretching far away to distant objects. He was richly endowed with "that most excellent gift of charity;" and it proved with him to be indeed "the very bond of peace." He believed that he had no enemies,

and in truth he had none; for those who were not with him, scarcely were against him; and even the straight-haired, stiff-necked preacher of the neighbouring meeting-house bent in obeisance as he passed. No drop of sectarian gall had ever rankled in his breast—no spark of intolerance was kindled there. He could not sink the Christian minister in the partizan; nor smile at an imprecation because it was levelled at a hostile cause. He gave hypocrisy no quarter; and never winked at the sins of those who strove, by regular church-going and punctual payment of their tithes, to win his connivance, and compound for their offences. He had great simplicity, and singleness of character; and this was joined to an observant quickness, with which the former qualities seldom are united. He was full of cheerfulness himself, and therefore loved the voice of innocent mirth in others, and sanctioned the enjoyment of temperate amusement.

Mr. Thornton had observed with some pain the hostile indications which presented themselves

in the conduct of Lord Malton, and was grieved at this ill-timed expression of resentment; which, rightly judging from Granby's manner, he saw were neither expected nor returned. He thought from these appearances that he might possibly do some good; and as he was one who in such a case never gave a ready ear to the timid suggestions of punctilious delicacy, and who was even willing, when in pursuit of higher objects, to incur the risk of officiousness and imprudence, he determined to speak to Lord Malton, and endeavour to compose the difference that existed between him and his young relation.

An opportunity soon occurred. Lord Malton was the last to depart, and the rest of the party being gone, and Granby absent from the room, Mr. Thornton found himself alone with him.

"Excuse me, my Lord," said he, advancing towards him, with a mixture of timidity and earnestness in his manner, "excuse me, if what I say should seem to you abrupt and rude. I

have nothing to plead but good intentions. You may think me foolish and officious; but my present appeal can do no harm to any but myself, and I am willing to incur that risk. I wish to speak to you of our lamented friend's nephew, Henry Granby."

"And what of him?" said Lord Malton, dryly.

"My Lord," said Mr. Thornton, "I have seen with pain this day that you are not upon terms of friendship; nay, that there is more than coldness—that on your side there is even positive displeasure."

"And who told you this, Sir?"

"I saw it, my Lord—your own conduct told it me. It was not grief, it was anger that influenced your behaviour; and at such a time it gave me pain to see it. I therefore resolved to use my endeavours to heal this breach; and with this view I speak to you. My conduct may be strange and bold; but, my Lord, I have long known our lamented friend and his nephew, and

I feel a natural interest in all concerning that young man, and think that at such a time as this no good offices of mine in his behalf should be wanting."

"Your interposition, Sir," said Lord Malton, assuming an air of proud sarcastic composure, "may be very well meant; but I am inclined to doubt whether it will be productive of any advantage to the person whom you intend to benefit."

"I humbly hope it may," said Mr. Thornton. "At any rate, I trust it will not operate to the prejudice of his cause."

"Of that, Sir, I shall speak hereafter: but I shall first ask whether you have thus interposed by his desire, and whether you have ever had any conversation with him on the subject?"

"None, my Lord, I solemnly assure you. I act upon my own suggestions; and may the evil consequences be upon my head, and mine alone. I ventured with the more boldness, because I judge that he is the offender. Anger is on your

side, my Lord, and sorrow on his. I saw that he was much oppressed with the sense of your displeasure. I thought it even seemed to surprise him. I know him well. He is generous and amiable, and is not one who fosters evil passions. Forget and forgive, my Lord, I entreat you. What can he have done that at such a time you should continue to shew this unkindness towards him?"

"Sir," said Lord Malton, drawing himself up, and walking away a few paces, "I am not disposed to lay myself open to gratify the curiosity of an unauthorized mediator."

"My Lord," said Mr. Thornton, "I entreat your pardon. I am not impelled by curiosity —I do not ask to know the cause—I only wish that your displeasure (unless the cause be great indeed) should not, in this hour of mourning, be so heavily added to the other griefs which he must feel. This is my sole request, my lord. I do not ask for explanation; reconciliation is all I desire to see."

"Sir," said Lord Malton, "I have heard you patiently, and with an attention which you owe more to your character and profession than to the subject of your appeal. I respect the clergyman, rather than the mediator. Your office, Sir, is that of peace; and I can forgive the zeal which makes you think this case within your jurisdiction. But I must now request your forbearance. I cannot allow my private sentiments to be invaded. You forget that you are interposing between near relations. There are family reasons for my displeasure, which I cannot suffer you to approach. My feelings upon this point are sacred."

"Nay, my Lord," said Mr. Thornton, "no feelings can be sacred, that encourage enmity with our fellow-creatures. I need not tell you that charity is the characteristic of our faith. You say I have forgotten that I am interposing between near relations. No, my Lord, it is that very circumstance which makes me more

eager to tender my services on this occasion. My Lord, you are one of the nearest relations that now remain to Henry Granby. You are the person to whom he would naturally look up for support. Think how severe must be his grief, when newly bereaved of his former guide and second father, to find in you—you, my Lord, who are his next surviving guardian—instead of the open and protecting hand, only hostility and aversion. It is indeed a bitter thing to lose a cherished relation by death; but it is scarcely less trying to see them lost to us through enmity. Your young relation now encounters at once this double loss. I pity him, and may you do so likewise! Oh! my Lord—hold out to him the hand of forgiveness. Whatever his offence has been, let his misfortune be a full atonement."

Lord Malton seemed to be moved by this appeal. The stubbornness of his features gradually relaxed; his eye twinkled, as if a relenting drop were struggling within it; and checking a sigh,

he turned away and walked towards the window. But his eyes appeared to take no cognizance of external objects: the mind was too busily employed. After a short pause he turned to Mr. Thornton.

"Sir," said he, "you have given me pain; but I excuse you—nay, I will even say, I thank you. You ask me to pardon the offence of my young relation. You will be happy to hear that there is none to pardon. Yet my conduct was not without its cause. I was harassed—irritated—scarce myself. I cannot explain—but you will be satisfied in knowing that were he present at this moment I would freely take him by the hand"

As he said this the door opened, and Granby entered. Lord Malton changed colour, and walked to the other end of the room, as if collecting strength for the parting effort. Then turning, he first briefly took leave of Mr. Thornton; after which he walked up to Granby, and extending his hand, said, "Mr. Granby, you can understand, and can therefore excuse the feelings

which have this day influenced my behaviour towards you. I lament that those feelings should have been beyond my controul. I have been hurried into an injustice. Hear me then say before this gentleman, that you have committed no offence towards me, and that I bear you no ill-will. I freely offer you my hand. It is, however, better for both of us that our communication should be slight. But though distant, we need not be hostile. Friends we cannot be: but I trust we never shall be enemies: and with this wish I take my leave."

These words were uttered in a low impressive tone; after which, with a bow to Granby, which seemed to signify that he did not wish for a reply, he walked out of the room, and in less than a minute his carriage was heard in rapid motion from the door.

CHAP. III.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan:
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

SIMON WASTELL.

GRANBY was now left alone. The gloom of his situation seemed to darken, and in spite of the brilliancy of his new prospects, he could not rouse his spirits to cheerfulness. The pressure of business had ceased; the exciting call for grief was past; and nothing remained but the

comfortless resumption of a routine sufficiently resembling its former course, to preserve a constant recollection of past days, and the loss which had wrought the only difference in the present. Day after day came the solitary meal, and with it the daily sorrowing glance at the vacant seat of him that was no more; and so passed away another week of gloom and heaviness.

On the ninth morning after the funeral, a man in the Malton livery, mounted on a splashed and tired horse, was seen, to the surprise of Granby, to ride up to the house.

That a man on horseback should have been dispatched from such a distance, (for it was rather more than forty miles), betokened tidings of no ordinary moment; and Granby's anxiety to know the cause of such a visit was extreme.

A letter was soon brought, addressed to him by Lord Malton's steward, stating that his Lordship had caught a severe cold on the day of the funeral at Ashton; that an inflammation

had come on; and that his life was almost despaired of; and that he now wrote by his master's order, to request the immediate presence of Mr. Granby, at Tedsworth.

Such a summons could not be disobeyed, and within two hours Granby quitted Ashton. A few hours more spent in rapid travelling, brought him within sight of a dark line of undulating woodland, which stretched to a wide extent before him, and indicated his approach to a place of considerable importance. Having been at Tedsworth only once, and having then approached it from another quarter, he was little acquainted with the localities of the ground, or its appearance from a distance, and therefore doubted whether those woods did indeed belong to the Tedsworth domain. He inquired from the driver, and was told they did; and he then looked at them with an interest very different from the vague and timid curiosity with which he viewed them a year before.

The distance, though little more than a mile,

now seemed provokingly protracted till they arrived at the lodge, and drove under its proud arched gateway into the park. The view at this point was beautiful and imposing. On the right was a broad breast of wood, sloping to the edge of a long irregular lake of considerable size, which lost itself at one end behind a projecting groupe of trees; while at the other, diminished to a rippling stream, it wound along the valley in front,—its course distinguishable less by the glittering of the water, than by the drooping alders that waved over it.

To the left was a varied extent of park-like ground, undulating in graceful slopes, and richly sprinkled with many an ancient twisted thorn, and oaks of gigantic growth and venerable character; while here and there, a lofty birch contributed the pleasing contrast of its waving boughs and shining bark; and the dark green holly deepened the shade of the retiring masses. A few patches of gorse and fern gave an agreeable air of subdued wildness to the character of

the ground, over which were thickly spread numerous herds of fat and lazy deer, that nodded their branching heads, and stared with tame confidence at the passing carriage.

In front the road was now lost, and now re-appeared at intervals, according to the rise and falling of the ground, and the occasional trees that intervened; and in the direction which it followed, above the top of a plantation of younger growth, appeared the pinnacled roof of a house, and numerous grey wreaths of smoke, which were relieved against the mass of distant wood that clothed the heights behind it.

As the carriage advanced a little farther, the house, a handsome edifice in the palladian style, came full in view, and beamed out in all the pomp of sculptured freestone, from the dark green foliage in which it was embosomed. All around it breathed the air of pomp, dignity, and wealth. Nothing was out of character, even to the proud swan that floated majestically down the lake.

With such a scene before his eyes, in spite of the reported danger of its owner, Granby may perhaps be excused for suffering the idea to flash occasionally across his mind, with somewhat in it of exultation, that all this might eventually be his.

It was his already. Death had struck the blow, and Lord Malton was no more. A few minutes brought him to the knowledge of this awful fact. He was soon at the door; and the face and manner of the first domestic told him at once that all was over.

After the first whispered intimation, Granby was ushered in silence into the library, where the steward soon presented himself, and informed him that his Lordship had died that morning, a few hours previous to his arrival;—that he came home from Ashton with the indications of a severe cold, which continued rapidly increasing, till there was little doubt that an inflammation of the lungs had taken place. As soon as he was sensible of his dan-

ger, he had desired that Mr. Granby might be sent for, and seemed to intimate that the management of everything should devolve upon him. He had never mentioned his son but once, and that a few hours before his death.

Mr. Tyrrel had not been at Tedsworth for a considerable time; for he and his father were at variance. The steward did not know where he then was; nor, he believed, did Lord Malton at the time of his death. It was therefore impossible to inform him by letter of his father's decease; and the only mode of speedy intimation, was to make it public immediately. The steward also said, he understood it to be his master's wish, that the direction of everything should devolve meanwhile upon Mr. Granby; and he added that he was ready to receive his orders.

Granby had now again to enter upon a painful repetition of those scenes which he had already passed through on a more affecting occa-

sion. He could now, too, compare the respective characters and degrees of grief which were exhibited by the household at Tedsworth, and at Ashton; a comparison which greatly redounded to the honour of his excellent uncle. Here there was much decorous solemnity, and a very respectable show of sorrow; but not more than might spring from a contemplation of the possible loss of a good place, rather than the actual loss of a respected master. The servants walked softly, spoke low, and shut the doors more quietly than usual; but there was no half-averted face, no quivering cheek, no tear-drop trembling in the eye, as there had been among the little household of his lamented uncle.

Granby at first felt doubtful how to act with respect to his claims: whether to give them immediate publicity, or totally to conceal for awhile his actual situation. The former course he thought indelicate; the latter timid and suspicious. He, therefore, resolved to pursue a middle

line, and instantly to acquaint a few of the principal domestics with the actual disposition of the property and title; desiring, however, that it might, for the present, be kept by them a profound secret. He also desired that he might still be addressed as Mr. Granby.

On making enquiries respecting Franklin, the nurse, and Jane Wilson and her daughter, he was told that Franklin was alive, and so also was Mary Wilson, but that her mother was dead. Franklin, they said, was living in the house where she had continued for more than thirty years; and was now very old, and had almost lost her faculties.

He requested to see her, and desired that the steward alone might be present at the interview. The steward said he would bring her to him; and soon a little, bent, emaciated, paralytic old woman, was led into Granby's presence.

There was an appearance of imbecility or

second childhood in the vacant, yet enquiring look with which she regarded Granby. He desired her to sit down, and himself took a seat near her.

"Mrs. Franklin," said he, "I am a person whom you have never seen. My name is Granby."

The old woman seemed struck by the name, and peered at him earnestly from under her wrinkled eye-lids.

"*Are you the Major, Sir?*" *said she*

"*She is thinking, Sir, of the late General,*" said the steward softly in Granby's ear.

"I am his nephew," said he.

"Then it is not him," exclaimed Mrs. Franklin. "Thank God!" and she tried to clasp her palsied hands.

The subject, connected as it was with his late uncle, became very painful to Granby; but he saw that the effort was necessary, and roused himself to pursue it.

"Are you informed," continued he, "of the death of my uncle, General Granby?"

"Of whom?" said the old woman, advancing her ear towards him.

"Of him whom you remember as Major Granby."

"I do remember Major Granby—though it is a long time since I have seen him, and I am a poor old decrepid creature, and my memory is not what it was—but I remember him *very well. He was here last—let me see*—well, well—no matter how long since;—but what were you saying, Sir, about death? you were not talking of my Lord?"

"Of the Major's death," said the steward, in a low tone, considerately wishing to save Granby the pain of repetition.

"The Major?" said the old woman eagerly, "and is he dead?—Then all is safe."

Granby and the steward exchanged looks. "No, Mrs. Franklin," said the former, "I am

privy to the facts to which you allude; but I do not wish to draw from you a repetition of what then passed—I only desire to call your recollection to a single circumstance. Do you remember signing a paper, in which it was stated, that Mr. Tyrrel was the son, not of Lady Malton, but of Mary Wilson?"

"Sir—Sir—what are you saying," exclaimed the old woman, staring wildly, her palsied frame trembling with increased violence.

"I have such a paper," said Granby, "and I ask you if you recollect the signature?"

"Stay—Sir—stay—I am old and feeble," said she, gasping as if for breath—"don't hurry me—give me time to think awhile—this has come upon me suddenly. But are you sure that you have the paper?"

"*The* paper!" said the steward in an under voice, as if to himself, and looked at Granby with an air of conviction.

"I have the paper," replied Granby, "and

I wish to ask you whether you would acknowledge the signature, if it was shewn to you in a court of justice."

"A court of justice!" exclaimed she, "Oh! you won't take me to a court! Spare an aged woman, Sir; I have done evil in my youth—but do not bring me to shame in my old age. A few years more, ay, or months, or days, young gentleman, and I shall drop into the grave. But I tell you I will not die forsworn—I will deny nothing that I have done. And now, Sir," added she, raising her hand to her head, as if seized with sudden pain, "say no more to me about it, and let me try to forget it all."

"I am satisfied," said Granby, in a mild tone; "I will not press the subject farther:" and rising, he quitted the apartment.

He next repaired to Mary Wilson, now a woman of fifty, whose care-worn face still retained some faint traces of her former beauty. She was much afflicted; but seemed to be pre-

pared for the blow, and attempted no denial of the circumstances.

The first important object of Granby's search was Lord Malton's will,—which, as heir at law, it was necessary that he should open. After long search he found a will, which bequeathed to Tyrrel the whole of his personalty, but made no mention of the landed estates, and desired that the funeral might be conducted in the most private manner possible. This will, however, was cancelled,—the seal being torn off, and the signature partially erased. Further search became therefore necessary; but after the most patient investigation no other could be found. Lord Malton's attorney knew of none. He had not even been called in to assist in making that which was discovered, and which bore the date of four years back.

This, the only apparent document, being cancelled, it became necessary to conclude that Lord Malton had died intestate. By the conditions, however, of this imperfect

will, Granby determined strictly to abide. It was, he thought, an act of mere justice to Tyrrel, and would place him in comparative affluence: which, however ill he merited, he had probably been brought up to expect. Granby had reason to fear that serious delinquencies on his part had induced his father to recall this favourable disposition; but still he could not suppose, that had not death come so suddenly upon Lord Malton, he would have gone to the grave, leaving his only child in a state of worse than beggary.

There were also bequests to some old servants, and a provision for Mary Wilson, which Granby determined punctually to execute.

The funeral was next to be arranged; and Granby, in compliance with the wish of the deceased, took all proper means to insure its privacy. This was facilitated by the circumstance of the church being close to the mansion, so that neither hearse nor coaches became necessary. It took place at an early hour in the morning.

A few of the principal tenants were privately desired to attend; but none of the neighbouring gentry. Granby was the only relation present; and consequently the chief mourner. Thus, twice within one month, had he performed that solemn office to the two nearest of his male relations; and found himself, at their death, the heir and successor of each.

Never before had so short a period teemed with events so important to Granby's future prospects; events by which his views and condition had been at once completely changed. Such a change might easily have blown up the flame of pride in many a bosom young as his. But the solemn scenes which he had lately witnessed had brought with them an awful lesson, and taught him the nothingness of those distinctions which now expanded to his view.

CHAP. IV.

I can be dishonoured only by perpetrating an unjust action. My honour is in my own keeping, beyond the reach of all mankind. No injury that you shall inflict shall provoke me to expose you to unnecessary evil.

CALEB WILLIAMS.

A WEEK had now elapsed since Lord Malton's death, and still no tidings had been heard of Tyrrel. It was found necessary that Granby should remain at Tedsworth at least two days after the funeral; and as Tyrrel had not yet appeared, he began to hope that he might be spared the pain of a meeting that would be doubly distressing under a roof which, to the exclusion of Tyrrel, Granby now might call his own.

But on the second morning, as he was sealing some papers previous to his departure from Tedsworth, which was to take place that evening, he heard voices, one of which, whose tone was somewhat loud and authoritative, made his heart beat quick with agitation, for he thought the sound was like that of Tyrrel's. They ceased—a door was opened and closed—steps were heard along the corridor—the door of the apartment in which he sat was hastily opened—and Tyrrel stood before him.

He was in a riding dress, bespattered with dirt, his features heated with exercise, and apparently distorted with passion. He closed the door with violence; then paused, and stood for an instant surveying Granby sternly and insultingly from the other end of the room.

The apparition was so sudden, that Granby scarce knew how to address him. An exclamation of surprise alone escaped his lips. Tyrrel with an expression of bitter scorn on his countenance, strode up to the table at which

Granby was sitting, and resting his hands on a chair opposite, looked him deliberately in the face.

"Well, my Lord!" were his first words, "I hope your Lordship finds yourself at home—I hope your time is passed agreeably—I hope your minutest orders have been strictly obeyed, and that every one in this house has been eager to anticipate your wishes. I, the humblest of your servants, have come at last, cap in hand, to know your Lordship's gracious will."

"Tyrrel!" said Granby, looking gravely and sorrowfully at him, "this is a mockery which I had hoped to have been spared."

"Mockery, my Lord!" replied Tyrrel, in the same insulting tone of feigned humility; "I wish I could agree with you. There is rather more reality in the case, to my mind, than is either pleasant or convenient. Submission is my proper part. You, great Sir, are the master here. I am only come to pay my homage to the Lord of Tedsworth. May I sit down in your

presence?" said he, taking a chair at the same time, and seating himself opposite to Granby in a posture of defiance.

"Tyrrel!" said Granby, "for heaven's sake be calm and temperate in your language. Our mutual understanding is not likely to be improved by this sort of conduct."

"This sort of conduct!" echoed Tyrrel fiercely. "And what in my conduct do you find to blame? Am not I sufficiently lowly and respectful? Do you wish to have me lick your shoe? I meant to gratify you and do you honour—but I think, young Sir, you are hard to please. However, if you dislike the respectful tone, it can be changed, and quickly too. And now, to talk more like an equal, let me congratulate you upon your prospects. They are great and gratifying every way. They involve the ruin of an enemy—a circumstance not to be overlooked by minds like yours, of an exalted stamp. I hope since this has opened upon you,

your slumbers, Sir, have been as sound as heretofore."

"At any rate, Tyrrel, my conscience has been as pure; and you know full well that my present lot has fallen upon me without my contrivance, or even knowledge. I am not guilty even of a wish to dispossess you of your father's property. Why should you think that my change of condition should have wrought in me any ungenerous feelings of exultation? Such imputations are hard to bear. But from you, in this instance, I forgive them."

Tyrrel ground his teeth with an expression of disappointed rage.

"Perhaps," pursued Granby, "you are offended at the part I have already taken. My actions in this respect do not call for a defence; but for your satisfaction I am willing to make one. I came here by your father's dying request. You were absent, and we knew not where. I was the only relative present; and on me neces-

sarily devolved the management of everything. And a painful task I have had to fulfil. But I have not been forward in assuming the air of a master. I did no more than was my duty; and that being done, I prepare this evening to depart."

"Far be it, Sir, from me," said Tyrrel scornfully, "to urge your departure, or abridge the sphere of your useful duties. I trust that nothing has been left undone. I hope you have duly perused the rent-roll, and studied the family pedigree. I hope you have taught your future menials to pay due worship to the rising sun. I hope you have instructed the trencher-scraper of my father's kitchen to take the wall of the son of his master. Indeed I need not ask that question. I know, Sir, I know already, that you have informed your household of my situation. I saw the state of the case at once, in the guilty look of Nicholls, the steward. The fellow changed colour and

hung his head as soon as he saw me. I instantly asked the stammering scoundrel whether you had told him who I was; and he confessed, Sir that you had; and that you had charged him—"

"Tyrrel," said Granby, interrupting him, "I allow much for the irritation which leads you to misinterpret my motives. I acted, as I thought, considerately and kindly. But you are mistaken in supposing that all the household are informed. I mentioned it only to a few; and that with a view to my own security, and under injunctions of strict secrecy."

"And why not to all?" said Tyrrel fiercely. "A curse on such affected delicacy—such timid, sneaking policy! Why do not you publish it at once? Why do not you call in all your household? Why do not you point at me, and say, 'Look there—look at that man, whom you once thought the heir of a nobleman. He was the base-born brat of a cottager's daughter. Use him as such. Revenge yourselves for the superiority which he once assumed over you, his

betters.' Why do not you say all this? Do you feel as if you dare say it?"

At this moment the door was opened, and one of the footmen entered the room. "I am sent, my Lord," said the man, "by Mr. Nicholls, to inquire——"

"To whom are you speaking?" interrupted Tyrrel, fiercely.

"To you, my Lord."

"My Lord! scoundrel! I am no Lord.—Quit the room," said he, stamping furiously; and the astonished servant hastily withdrew.

"Was this your plan to insult me, Sir?" said he, turning to Granby. "I will tell you, then, that I spurn at the petty malevolence which can stoop to vent itself through the medium of a servant. And there you sit secure and calm, and——Heavens! how I hate that smooth, specious mildness—that soft hypocrisy, that takes so much pains to seem unruffled!"

"Tyrrel! Tyrrel!" exclaimed Granby, "for Heaven's sake, do not abuse my patience. It's

bounds are almost exceeded now. I do not know to what your strange behaviour tends, unless you mean to insult me."

"You have it, young fellow! such *is* my meaning. I thought you could hardly be so dull but you would contrive to find out that; and I give you joy of the discovery. Now, Sir, we understand each other."

"Too well, Tyrrel—and I would fain have concealed from myself a little longer that such was the fact."

"But now you know it," interrupted Tyrrel; "and what is to be the consequence?—What will you do?—What will you say?—Dare not you order me to quit your presence?—Have not you the spirit left to turn out of my father's house the man who insults its present owner?"

Granby returned no answer, but regarded him steadily, with a fixed look of compassion rather than of anger. Tyrrel's rage was instantly heightened to an ungovernable pitch, at

the calm superiority of Granby's manner, and his features were powerfully distorted by a fresh accession of passion.

"Mean-spirited coward!" said he, "do you think to triumph by the dull, slavish property which you call forbearance? Fool! it shall not serve you long. I give you *this* to grace your coronet;" and with these words, stepping close up to Granby, he dashed him against the wall, by a violent blow upon the breast.

A long and terrible pause ensued. Granby's first impulse, on recovering from the shock, was to return the insult by a similar attack; and he made one step towards Tyrrel, with this intention. His hand was clenched, and half upraised; but in an instant it was dropped again. "God forbid!" escaped his lips; and turning away, he leaned against the chimney-piece, and covered his face with one hand.

Tyrrel stood firm when he saw Granby advancing to return the blow; but on his turning away

in silence, he looked at him earnestly for a while, then taking pen and paper from the table, wrote down his address, and with deliberate steps, as if neither ruffled in temper, nor desirous of flying from his opponent, he walked towards the door, and closed it gently after him as he retired. His measured tread was heard along the corridor, in the same slow, unvaried cadence.

Granby was now left alone,—and with what feelings! Nothing that he had yet experienced could equal the burning agony of that moment. What though no eye had seen the insult? It did not on that account appear less galling; and his intense consciousness of its aggravated nature prevented him from drawing comfort from such a reflection. Now a flush of overpowering shame, at having been so treated with impunity, would deeply dye his countenance, and he would brand, for a moment, with the name of irresolution, those better feelings which forbad retaliation. But these presently regained their em-

pire; and then he would look with pity on his unhappy relative, stung with the bitter sense of his situation, and regarding him, though most unjustly, as the triumphant instrument of his downfall.

Occasionally, with venial infirmity, he would suffer himself to dwell with satisfaction on his triumph of superior temper; but this soon gave way to the mild influence of that Christian charity which "vaunteth not itself," and which prompts the return of good for evil.

"Yes," said he, "I will forgive. Circumstances, perhaps, have rendered me in some degree the aggressor. I cannot—must not challenge him. No insult that he can offer shall make me willingly his murderer. But should he require me to meet him, I shall not scruple to comply."

His eye rested at that moment on the paper on which Tyrrel had written his address. "It is fortunate," said he, "that he has left me this. Perhaps he expects from me a challenge.

He wrongs me in expecting it. This shall assist me in performing a higher duty—a deed more worthy of a man and a Christian.

He sat down, and after some minutes spent in deep and anxious meditation, he addressed to Tyrrel the following letter:—

"In addressing you at such a time, let me at once distinctly warn you, that this letter is not prompted by our late meeting, nor will it contain more than a mere allusion to the unpleasant circumstances by which that meeting was attended. It is not a letter of hostility or reproach. It is a dispassionate statement of measures upon which I had previously decided; which nothing but your conduct prevented me from announcing to you personally; and in the determination of which that conduct has produced no eventual alteration. I take this early opportunity of writing to you, because I am now apprized of your place of abode. You may soon be gone, I know not where; and as the

tendency of my address is to allay your angry feelings, the sooner it is done the better.

"You have inflicted on me as severe an insult as man can offer to man. Let it for ever be forgotten. I bear you no enmity on that account. I will not even say that you were unprovoked. You were naturally goaded, by adverse circumstances, to an irritation, the violence of which I can excuse. I therefore claim no merit to myself for not exhibiting the symptoms of an anger which I do not feel. I will say no more on this affair. Let its remembrance cease for ever. I will now turn to the subject of my communication.—It is briefly this :—Your father is found to have died intestate. His death, as you must have heard, was sudden; and he was probably thereby prevented from making such a disposition of his affairs as he considered just and desirable. As a variance between him and yourself had previously existed, it will be gratifying to you to hear, that your name was mentioned by him previous to his death, in the tone of affection.

I therefore trust that all animosity on his part had ceased, and that an ample provision was in his contemplation. I must also inform you, that a will made several years back has been discovered; but that being cancelled, it is thereby rendered invalid. By this will you are made the heir to all his personalty. The freehold property is not mentioned, but is left to devolve by course of law. Not having been with your father in his last moments, so as to obtain from him any directions, and this being the only written expression of his intentions that I have been able to discover, I think proper to abide by the bequests of this his former will, however subsequently annulled; and I shall make over to you accordingly all the property specified therein. This I regard as an act of simple justice—an act which nothing that you could have said or done ought to have influenced either in one way or the other. It is done as a satisfaction to my own feelings of equity and honour. As such I

view it, and as such I wish that it should be viewed by you.

"This is probably the last communication that ever will take place between us. I wish, therefore, that it should be one of charity and peace. It is better for each that we should meet no more. I feel that any further interview can be productive of no advantage. Even should it be peaceable, it cannot but be painful.

And now, in the act of a separation which may chance to be eternal, let me earnestly entreat that all heart-burnings be dismissed. Do not allow your anger to be directed unjustly towards one who clung to you as a friend so long as you suffered him to think you such; and who never, up to this hour, has intentionally wrought you injury. I am asking no more from you than I have already fulfilled myself. I have banished all ill-will. May you ere long be able candidly to say the same. Do not return a hasty answer. Time will produce a conciliatory effect. The resentment which you lately expressed will give

way to milder feelings; and though you may never regard me with the eye of friendship, you will not, I trust, hereafter view me in the hateful light of a decided enemy.

"HENRY GRANBY."

CHAP. V.

Tend me to-night:
May be it is the period of your duty;
Haply you shall not see me more, or if—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

HAVING written the foregoing letter, Granby instantly dispatched a servant on horseback, who was directed to convey it with all possible speed to Tyrrel. He relinquished his plan of quitting Tedsworth that evening,—thinking that he might probably receive from Tyrrel an answer to his letter, for which answer it was important that he should wait.

Between three and four hours elapsed before the servant entrusted with the letter returned to

Tedsworth. He brought back no answer, and had been told that none was required. This was singular and provoking, and Granby now began to lament that he had postponed his intended departure. While thinking thus, a note was brought in, directed to him in Tyrrel's hand, and he was told that the bearer was waiting for a reply. He opened it and read as follows:

"I have tried your courage, and found it wanting. Many hours have now elapsed since you tamely received the insult of a blow; and you have not yet dared to express your resentment, and claim from me that satisfaction which is required by the injured honour of a gentleman. I had thought your opened prospects would have roused in you the energies of a man, and that you would have dreaded to cast discredit on your new-fledged honours. But a sense of usurpation has benumbed your better spirit, and you shrunk before me to the mean supplanter that you are. But I can still be generous—nay,

I have still some pride of lineage, and would not see you disgrace, by cowardice, a family to which I have hitherto been considered to belong. I offer you the opportunity which you have neglected. I send you the challenge which you yourself ought to have sent to me; and invite you to wipe off the disgrace which my hand has inflicted. If you have the spirit of a man, meet me to-morrow morning at six o'clock, at the Old Park Quarry, with a brace of pistols. I shall bring no second. My servant only will attend me. You, if you choose, may be similarly provided. Do not attempt to put me off with idle cant, about the impropriety of a hostile meeting between near relations. Remember, Sir, that we are not relations. That imaginary tie I now utterly disclaim. I am not the relation of any one. Let your answer be short and speedy. Your eternal foe,

"GEORGE GRANBY TYRREL."

The shock of receiving such a letter was more

severe than words will easily describe; but Granby struggled with his feelings; and had any one observed him at the time of reading it, they would perhaps have been utterly unsuspicious of the tremendous import of its contents. He paused for a moment, and then taking up a pen, wrote these words: "I accept your challenge. I will meet you at six to-morrow, at the Old Park Quarry. My servant alone will attend me."

Then folding up the note, he ordered it to be delivered to the messenger in waiting. When this was done, nothing remained but to reflect upon the dreadful past, or look forward to the more tremendous to-morrow. On either side the scene was terrible. After the letter which he had sent, the conduct of Tyrrel seemed scarcely human, and argued a fiendish depth of malignity, at which he shuddered while he considered it. Could his own letter have miscarried? Could there have been delay in the delivery? These were important questions, and with a view to their solution he summoned

the groom who took the letter, and strictly questioned him on these points. But the man persisted in saying that he had not loitered on the road, and on arriving, had delivered the etter into Tyrrel's hands.

Granby was therefore compelled to conclude, that Tyrrel, after the receipt of a letter which breathed only the spirit of kindness, generosity, and reconciliation, had, with almost unexampled ferocity, followed up his former insult by the aggravated addition of a challenge. He seemed to thirst for blood—he wished, if possible, to take the life of him who had robbed him of his father's lands, and maliciously resolved that if he could not hold them himself, they should at least be fatal to the heir.

"I am resigned," said Granby, as he walked to and fro in his apartment. "I go to meet my opponent with a conscience which, if I do not presume to call it void of offence, is at least unchargeable with vindictive feeling towards him. I may fall by his hand; but he shall

never incur such danger from mine. No—if I am sent to my last account, it shall not be with this dreadful addition to my other offences."

He then turned his mind to the consideration of the few, but solemn and important duties which remained to be discharged, in the brief time which in this life he could now with certainty call his own.

His first care was the formation of his will,—a considerable part of which was a transcript of the will of the late Lord Malton, so far as related to his legacies to old servants, and the bequest of his personal property to Tyrrel. The rest, with the exception of a few small legacies to various friends and relatives, he left to the next heir at law, a cousin of his, a man of great respectability, of whom, however, as he lived at a great distance, and was of moderate fortune and retired habits, Granby had never seen much; and who, in the event of his death, would succeed to the estate, though not to the title.

He next prepared for himself a severer trial. He took from its envelope in his pocket-book, the lock of hair which was given him by Caroline; and which, in spite of her unkindness, and his hopeless disunion from that family, he still always bore about him. He looked at it with intense anguish, and with a fixedness of attention, as if he would count each individual hair. He painfully retraced all those flattering visions of happiness, which that treasured relic had from time to time conjured up,—all alike fleeting and delusive. He looked back upon the frequent alternations of hope and fear, with which the period of their intimacy had lately been chequered. He seemed to have been Fortune's puppet; and brightly as she had lately smiled upon him, the prospect now was overcast with tenfold gloom. Wealth, rank, and honours were fading away, like the illusions of a broken dream, and near and distinct was the murderous weapon, in the hand of a vindictive foe.

He took the pen, and his hand trembled as he

held it. It was not through fear of his impending fate. He was agitated with a more tender affliction. He was about to write a last address to her whom he loved above all that remained to him in the world besides. He could not on such an occasion steel his heart against the softening influence of grief. A tear fell upon the paper—he saw it, and it warned him to struggle with his feelings. "Even this," said he, "shall not unman me; nor shall she see this testimony of my weakness;" and he pushed the blotted paper from him, and hastily took another sheet, and wiped from his eyes the rising drops. He then resumed his pen, and wrote as follows:—

"Receive from me a gift which I long viewed, perhaps mistakenly, as the pledge of love; a gift which I therefore valued as my life, and with life only do I now resign it. You may have already learnt from other sources the tale of my untimely end. You will, I trust, bestow a tear on the memory of one, whom if you never loved,

you have at least long known, and probably regarded with some portion of esteem; of one who has unhappily forfeited even that esteem, he knows not how, and must now remain for ever ignorant. In a moment so awful,—knowing that when this meets your eye I shall be no more, and that before another night shall close, my end may be accomplished—I cannot hesitate to tell all that I have felt for you. I have loved you with an affection as sincere and ardent, as as ever filled the breast of man; and however that love may have been chilled for a time by our disunion, it has never—never been extinct; and I feel at this moment, that I shall carry it with me to my early grave, as warm and fervent as in the happiest hours of our ill-fated intimacy. Do not shrink from the protestations of one, who when you read this will be in the tomb. He owes it to you, and to himself, to declare, in the last hours of his existence, that, however slander and mischance may have

blinded you to his affection, that affection has never ceased. My last prayer shall be for you. Think of me kindly for awhile, and then let me be forgotten. I ask no more than a short but favourable remembrance, and your forgiveness of all in which I may have seemed to offend. May every blessing gather around you—may you be happily united to one worthy of your hand—one who can appreciate your virtues—who can love you as I have done, and whom you can love in return. Thus prays, in the last evening of his life, your fervently attached,

"HENRY GRANBY."

The writing such an address—the enclosure of the treasured lock—the directing—the sealing—were all trials of the severest kind. But the cup of grief was not yet full, nor had he executed all the tasks of this appalling night. He was alone in the large and gloomy library, surrounded by sealed papers which were to be

re-opened after his death. After listening with suspense to the slow striking of the great hall clock, which sounded from above the portico, he rang and ordered his own servant to be sent. The man entered.

"Shut the door," said Granby, "but first see that nobody is within hearing."

The man looked surprised at his master's air of mystery, but promptly obeyed.

"William," pursued Granby, "you are one on whose attachment and fidelity I trust I may rely. Promise first not to tell to any living individual what I am going to communicate."

"Certainly, Sir," said the man, "I will promise, and will keep the promise faithfully."

"You will not have to keep it long. Before this time to-morrow, all need of silence will be past. Perhaps, I may be no more."

"Sir!" said the man, turning pale.

"Yes," said Granby, "it is very probable. I

am to meet Mr. Tyrrel to-morrow morning at the Old Park Quarry, at six o'clock. We are to fight with pistols. You must attend me to witness the result, and to assist me if I fall."

The man turned his eyes upon his master with an expression of horror, to which no description could do justice. His knees smote each other, and he stood the picture of dismay. Then making a violent effort to speak, he said,—"I would stand by you, Sir, in any danger,—but this has come upon me so suddenly that—oh! I will attend you, Sir, wherever you desire me; but I hope it will not come to fighting—I had as lief go and be shot at myself, as look on without the power to help you. But, I trust, Sir, there will be no necessity."

"Say no more about that—there is an absolute necessity—the meeting is fixed."

"Oh! if it could but be prevented! I would not ask you, Sir, to shrink from any man—but, oh, Sir, if there is any thing in the whole world that I can do—any letter that I can take—consi-

der, Sir, pray. Mr. Tyrrel, (my lord, I mean), he is such a near relation to you, Sir—surely—surely—he can never think of fighting with you. But I humbly beg your pardon, Sir—I know it is not for such as me to interfere in this sort of matter; but I cannot help saying what I think, when my heart is so full—and if anything should happen to you, Sir"—here his voice faltered, and he stopped as if unable to proceed.

"I must do my duty William," said Granby, "and meet Mr Tyrrel, as I have promised. The rest I leave to Providence. If I fall you will find that I have remembered you."

"God bless you, Sir, don't talk of that."

"I will not hurt you by dwelling on the worst. Call me to-morrow at five, and say not a word to any of the household. I thank you for this proof of your regard; but let us try to make the best of what must happen. I am unfit to talk upon this subject longer, and you are affected by it. Perhaps you had better leave me."

The poor man, who stood during these words, covering his face with his hands, walked slowly and silently out of the room, and Granby was again left to his own solemn meditations.

CHAP. VI.

So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;
And hears him snorting in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight or I.

DRYDEN.

GRANBY rose early the next morning and [illegible] by his servant, walked to the appointed place of meeting. It was a deep romantic glen, which after winding gracefully for a short distance, was abruptly terminated by a bold semi-circular front of naked lime stone. It had been originally a quarry, but had been long disused; and though the valley was executed by art, no one who now looked at those fine broken slopes, so thickly clothed with thorn and hazel, could trace the operations of the spade; nor viewing

the beetling crags, now richly tinged with moss and lichen, could suppose that those picturesque masses had ever been submitted to the disfiguring action of the workman's tool.

A narrow path, almost closed with luxuriant underwood, conducted up the valley, which widened gradually as you approached the extremity. There, beneath the curving ledge of rock, was a smooth level plot of the finest turf, which was skirted, on the side opposite to the crag, by a small rippling stream, which gushing out of a crevice, wound its way along a stony channel, to the entrance of the glen.

It was a pleasing, smiling spot, ill fitted, but from its loneliness, to be the scene of deliberate murder— for murder it still is, though sanctioned by the custom of civilized, of Christianized society.

Never was a more delightful summer's morning than this, which frowned so menacingly on Granby. The thrush was singing loudly and sweetly in the hazel thicket, which also resounded

with me, this way," said he to Granby. "I wish to speak to you in private."

Granby cast at him a suspicious look. The desperate character of Tyrrel flashed across his mind, and he allowed himself for an instant to anticipate a deed of violence. He said nothing; but Tyrrel read his apprehensions in his looks; and the blood rushed into his pale cheek, with shame, at being so suspected.

"Are you afraid," said he, in a tone of bitterness, "to trust yourself alone with me? I am not such a ruffian as you think me. But perhaps I have deserved this. No matter—let it pass—come with me apart. By the heaven above us no treachery is intended.—I have much to say to you, which no mortal ears but your's must hear."

Granby nodded acquiescence. "Stop there," he added, turning to his servant; then rejoining Tyrrel, walked after him in silence.

Tyrrel presently stopped, and after looking round, "Granby," said he, "if you have any

fears remaining, I can at once remove them. I am unarmed—I have neither pistols nor weapons of any kind—I could not harm you if I would."

"Have I then been under a delusion?" said Granby, looking at him with astonishment. "Did you not come to fight with me?"

"You have not been deceived," said Tyrrel; "I did challenge you; and I here meet you by that appointment. But do not think that I am now come to raise my hand against your life. God forbid that I should hurt a hair of your head. Granby, I struck you most foully and unjustly. I now express the deepest, humblest sorrow for it—I will stoop even to receive chastisement from your hands. Forgive the frenzy of a moment. I was scarce myself when I so acted, and I was hardly less a madman when I wrote that horrible challenge. But I had not then received your letter."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Granby fervently. "It is a happiness to hear it—I thought you scarcely could have made so cruel a return."

"No, Granby, you judged rightly. Villain as I may have been, I trust it was not possible. But now I have read your letter, and I shall never forget it. You deserve my gratitude —and you have it—my eternal gratitude—for you have acted nobly by me. I injured—insulted—grossly insulted you—to my shame I confess it. And you have returned good for evil. You say I owe you no acknowledgments:—a thousand! a thousand! You say that nothing which I could have said or done could have altered your determination:—I believe it—I firmly believe it. Let me have tried you as I might, you would still have acted like yourself. Oh, I am a scoundrel—a pitiable scoundrel—but I have still some good in me—I can applaud, though I cannot imitate."

"Nay, Tyrrel," said Granby, "I trust you can not only speak, but act well—your present step is a proof of it."

"Ay—ay—that shews some signs of grace —but I am softened by misfortune. Oh! you

do not yet half know the miserable wretch I am. I thank you for your offer—it was very kind and noble—You said it was but an act of justice—oh, no, no—an act of generosity—of mercy. But it comes too late—it cannot save me. Ay—you look astonished—but hear me, Granby. All my father's fortune, were it mine to-morrow, would not save me from beggary. I have lost house, lands, everything; the very ground we stand upon, though it was not mine to lose. But the rascals did not know that—they will be cheated of their prey."

"Should you then still have been ruined had you been—"

"Had I been now Lord Malton? Yes—driven from my house by Jews and sharpers. So it is better as it is, you see. The scoundrels cannot touch you—and they none of them deserve a farthing. 'Tis well I am not the heir. Then I could not have been revenged—I should have lost all, and they would have triumphed in

their gains. But then they could not have touched my person, and now they can. But no matter—they never shall—I will baffle them yet."

"Tell me, then," said Granby, "in what way I may best serve you?"

"I will," said Tyrrel; "I know that you are both able and willing. You are very kind—too kind about the personalty—but do not make that over to me. Under my present circumstances, I dare not hold, in my own name, any property in the funds, or place it in the hands of any banker. It would be seized immediately. Besides, if it was not, I could not with safety receive the dividends. I must lie incognito for a season—perhaps a long one—heaven knows how long. No, Granby, you shall be my banker. That is the way in which you may assist me. Take all—it is lawfully yours—but pay me a thousand a year out of it, and I can live abroad like a prince."

"*Do you then intend to leave England?*"

"*Instantly*—no other course remains for me. I cannot stay here long with safety; unless I lead a sculking life, in a constant state of self-denial and anxiety, that would be worse than actual imprisonment. No—I must fly, and quickly too."

"And how are the remittances to be made?" inquired Granby.

"Oh—for the present—let me see—you must direct for me under an assumed name. What shall I be?—Smith?—Jackson?—Jackson will do. Send me a draft upon your banker for Reuben Jackson, or bearer. The amount I leave to you. Direct to me under that name, at the Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, in London. I must contrive, before I leave England, to lie hid a few days in some dingy abode in that neighbourhood. I shall not acknowledge your remittance. Even that might lead to my discovery. You will not, therefore, hear from me again until I have crossed the Channel. You shall then

know my next direction. I shall live a free, careless life abroad, with nothing on earth to trouble me. Perhaps I may die of pure *ennui:* though I rather think my recollection of past days will keep my hours from hanging heavy. Yes," said he, in a subdued, inward tone, pressing his hand to his forehead,—"there is fuel here to feed the flame. The fire is kindled —and while I live will ever go on—burning—burning—"

Here his voice sunk till it became inaudible; though the motion of the lips shewed that he was still speaking; while a sudden pang convulsed his features. It was but for a moment. He turned his face away. The mastery was gained; and when he looked again towards Granby, his countenance wore almost an air of careless gaiety.

"And now," said he, "it is fit that this conference should end. It may be the last we shall ever have—yet still—why prolong it? Receive once more my heartfelt thanks for your generous

treatment. Your very acceptance of my challenge shewed a nobleness of spirit which I admire from my very soul. Nay, do not shrink from my praise, unless you think it degradation to be praised by me. Well, well," said he, checking Granby's attempted denial, " I believe you do not feel *that*. But perhaps you think it flattery, —which it is not. But I must now go."

So saying he stopped, and gave a loud clear whistle, which was presently answered from a distance. " That is no echo," said he to Granby, with a smile. " The signal is answered—I must go. Farewell, for the last time ;" and so saying, he wrung Granby's hand ; turned hastily away ; drew his cap over his eyes ; wrapped his cloak round him ; and was soon lost in the windings of the path.

With a lightened heart Granby now returned to Tedsworth. Occupied with busy thoughts while in the presence of Tyrrel, and anxiously listening to all he said, he had not at first been

aware of the heavy load that was removed from his mind. The lively joy of his faithful servant on hearing of the peaceful termination of the meeting, first awakened him to a truer sense of it; and a prayer of gratitude was internally and devoutly offered.

Left to himself, he presently reviewed all the ameliorated points of his present prospects. He was no longer at enmity with the man whom he had supplanted, and had heard from his lips that the property of which he seemed to have been so cruelly deprived, could in fact have availed him nothing: so that Granby, instead of robbing the son of his relation, was only rescuing a fine estate out of the hands of sharpers. He had converted a bitter foe into a grateful friend, —and a friend who, far from shrinking from his kindness, gladly relied upon him for assistance, and made him, as it were, the arbiter of his fate.

Rank and wealth now expanded proudly to his view; and with a mind more at ease, he had

leisure to contemplate in its full extent the greatness which was already almost his. There was one point alone in the prospect, which still remained as dark as ever:—his separation from the Jermyns. "They would not probably now discourage that intimacy which has cost me so much," said he, with a sigh; "and perhaps, aided by rank and title, I might still be successful in renewing my acquaintance. But for this purpose I must stoop so low, that Caroline would despise me for my baseness. No, no, that must never be. And to what end should I again see her? To gain a fuller confirmation of her utter want of affection for me? And shall I, who once vainly flattered myself that she could love me for myself alone, now solicit the aid of these externals of rank and wealth, in order to be tolerated? Never! never!"

Thus reasoned one who, conscious of no accession of merit from his change of outward circumstances, scorned, as a mean, unfair advantage, the

fictitious elevation which these might give; and who was not yet accustomed to the value which, even in the eyes of the most philosophic portion of society, these adventitious gifts reflect upon their owner.

This day Granby quitted Tedsworth; and though splendid, and his own, he quitted it without regret. The few associations with which it was connected, were all of an oppressive nature. He was therefore glad to dismiss them; and as he hurried from the gloomy grandeur of his new possessions, he looked forward with a lively glow of satisfaction to the humble dwelling of his youth.

It would be unnecessary to enter into a lengthened description of the preparatory steps which Granby took, for the purpose of establishing his accession to the title and estate of Lord Malton. No opposition was made to his claims, and as the proofs were full and satisfactory, a recognition of his right was the speedy consequence of the measures he adopted.

Within two months Henry Granby stood before the world, the acknowledged and undoubted possessor of the property and title of the late Lord Malton.

CHAP. VII.

Zuleika, child of gentleness!
How dear, this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell.

BYRON.

LEAVING the new Viscount Malton in the possession of his rights, we shall re-conduct our readers to Brackingsley; where we shall find Sir Thomas Jermyn, his lady, and their daughter, quietly engaged in the regular exercise of their accustomed duties. We shall "take no note of time," otherwise than by observing, that a few weeks had elapsed from the death of Lord Malton, up to the period at which we re-commence our notice of the proceedings of the Jermyn family.

At this period Mr. Duncan and his lady, and also our old acquaintance Courtenay, were upon a visit to Brackingsley. The acquaintance of the Jermyns with the Duncans, which had commenced at Hemingsworth, and been improved in town, had been strengthened into intimacy during a short stay at Brighton, in the latter part of the summer; and had produced the invitation which they now accepted.

The rise and progress of Courtenay's acquaintance we have partially witnessed; and as he was in company with the Duncans at the time when the invitation was made to them, it was considered by Lady Jermyn very allowable, nay, "highly proper," (upon second thoughts) to extend it likewise to him. It would perhaps be illiberal to inquire whether she was influenced in her civility by the consideration of his prospective peerage. We will rather suppose that she merely regarded him as a pleasant gentlemanly young man, who deserved attention as much on account of what he was, as of what he might be: and

besides, Lady Jermyn was a hospitable woman, and as she often said upon such occasions, "liked to be civil to young people."

Courtenay accepted the invitation with great alacrity. Not that he felt much pleasure in the society of either Lady Jermyn or Sir Thomas, or was much flattered by their notice of him. The attraction lay elsewhere; it was the "one fair daughter and no more, which he loved passing well." He had begun to admire Caroline in town, and had thought of her as seriously as could reasonably be expected, considering that he had never met her but in the anti-matrimonial atmosphere of a London ball-room.

His admiration thus awakened, began to ripen fast into attachment, now that he saw her in the less dazzling, but more seductive sphere of her domestic circle. Her's were gentle timid graces, which such a situation called forth; and in these consisted her greatest charm. Courtenay could not long regard her in this attractive point of view, without being

deeply struck with the many captivating points of her character; her unvaried sweetness of temper, natural, unforced cheerfulness, and perfect freedom from affectation. He saw her now in that situation where woman's power is most deeply felt—where alone she may expect to win the heart of a man of sense.

It is not amidst the gay distraction of a crowded party, or the lively prattle of the dance,—though with beauty heightened by the aid of brilliant lights, of costly jewels, and all the pride of millinery,—that her influence is most powerfully experienced. It is in the quiet interchange of that domestic species of society, in which display has less power to enter, and in which the sterling qualities of the mind have fuller leisure to expand.

Caroline, during the first few days of this visit, remained unconscious of those little indications of growing affection which presented themselves in Courtenay's manner, and which did not escape the more vigilant eye of Lady

Jermyn. How soon Caroline would have found out the important truth by the unassisted exercise of her own sagacity, it would be difficult to say. But she was not destined long to remain in ignorance; for her eyes were soon gently opened by the dexterous hand of Lady Jermyn.

This lady, had been thoroughly disposed to forward the wishes of Courtenay, quite as soon as he had begun to form them, fearing lest the unsuspicious frankness of her daughter's manner, should tend to sink the lover in the friend, and chill the ardour of her admirer. Thinking that in the place of this, a little bashful consciousness would not only be vastly proper in her daughter's situation, but eventually lead to a better understanding; seeing also that the present defects of Caroline's deportment, arose from a want of due information; she resolved to acquaint her with the passion she had raised.

"What a very pleasant young man Mr.

Courtenay is!" said she to Caroline, by way of opening the subject, as the latter sat near her, deep in the manufacture of a bead bracelet.

"Yes," said Caroline, carelessly—"yes—very—(the gold beads are by you, I believe—thank you, mamma)—yes—he is very conversible—I begin to wish I had finished this bracelet."

"He seems to like his present quarters," said Lady Jermyn; modulating her voice into a significant tone.

"Yes—I hope he does," said Caroline—"pray how long does he stay?"

"*You* ought to know that better than I can.—"

"*I*—Mamma! why so?"

"Because I imagine his stay here depends less on me than you."

Caroline looked up from her work, in calm and guileless wonder—"Indeed!" said she; "does it? I don't understand how that should be."

"Do not you really?" said Lady Jermyn, with a very inquisitive scrutiny of her daughter's face.

"No—you do not?—who could have thought it? Poor Mr. Courtenay! I am afraid, Caroline, he has paid his attentions to little purpose, if you have not, by this time, been able to guess what he means by them."

Caroline blushed, for she now understood her mother's meaning. "I never thought," said she, with a little embarrassment, "that he intended more than mere civility."

"Then my dear child, what magnificent ideas you must have of *mere civility;* or how highly you must think of the politeness of the gentlemen of this age, if you suppose that such attentions are paid by them as matters of course to every lady."

"I never thought much about that—but—I really I do not observe anything more than common in Mr. Courtenay's manner. To be sure, he always tries to make himself agreeable

—but it is in a general way, not to one person more than to another, as far as I ever perceive."

"No, my love," said Lady Jermyn smiling. "The one person to whom he does try to make himself particularly agreeable, is perhaps not likely to perceive it so plainly as others. Lookers-on see most of the game. You are one of the players, Caroline."

Caroline looked down, and was silent for a moment. "I cannot contradict you, Mamma," said she at length, "but I hope it is not as you imagine."

"That remark is quite according to rule, my love," said Lady Jermyn, smiling, "and would have been perfectly correct, if there had been any body by to hear you; but as you are talking quite confidentially to your own mother, we will dispense with these sort of proper speeches, and talk explicitly about it."

"Indeed—I was in earnest," said Caro-

line, somewhat hurt at the imputation of prudish insincerity.

"Well—well, my love, the charge was not a very heavy one. But why are you in earnest? Why should you wish that his attentions were not directed particularly to yourself? You must allow, my love, that he is a remarkably pleasing, amiable young man, and everything that one could wish, with respect to family and so forth; and I think it would be fair to tell you, (for I do love openness in all I do—and 'plain dealing is a jewel,' as your father says) I think it fair to tell you, that if a certain event should take place—mind—I don't say that it will; and I certainly shall not do anything to promote it, for that you know would be indelicate; but if, as I said, a certain event should take place—(I mean his proposing to you, Caroline,) and you should be disposed to accept him—we shall be sorry to part with you, my love—for you are a great treasure to your

father and me, and we should miss you amazingly; but still, in that case, we should not feel ourselves justified in doing anything to oppose it. I can answer for myself, and I am very sure your father would not set his face against the match."

"Thank you, Mamma; you are very kind to say what you do; but I think and hope that Mr. Courtenay has no such intentions. If he should make a proposal," she added, with firmness, after a slight pause, "I really could not accept him."

"No, my love? on what grounds, pray?"

"Because, though I like him very well, and think him pleasant in society, I could not feel for him as I think I ought to feel, for the person I may choose as a partner for life."

"Ah!—well—well my love," said Lady Jermyn, smiling, and nodding her head significantly—"you are young at present, and young people are naturally a little romantic in their notions. But take my word for it, when you

are older, you will not think these violent attachments so absolutely necessary. Nay--for my part, I question whether they are desirable. You have often heard, without a doubt, that no good comes of runaway matches; and what produces runaway matches but these violent attachments that we were speaking of? I do not accuse you, my love, of any such disposition. What I say is only by way of illustration, to show the evil of violent attachments. Young people are apt to be irregular and high-flown in their ideas on these subjects. I don't say that you are so more than others. But most are rather inclined to it. Now, there is an idea they entertain sometimes, about what they call a first love. They make a great point of remaining true to that, and refusing, perhaps, excellent offers in consequence; though probably, this fine first attachment, which they make so much fuss about, never really existed, except on the lady's side. Nay, I have even heard of cases where they thought proper to keep up the farce

after being slighted by the gentleman, and used extremely ill. This I call a great piece of absurdity. There is no danger of your doing so. You have too much good sense, and proper pride, I hope."

Caroline durst not trust herself to make any answer, but went on very perseveringly with her bracelet. She felt the application of the last remark, as keenly as her mother could have wished. The latter saw that her observations were not thrown away; and contenting herself with what she had said, she made a few trivial comments on her daughter's work, and soon afterwards left her.

The preceding conversation had in some respects the effect that was intended; and Lady Jermyn had the satisfaction, that same day, of seeing Caroline twice blush when addressed by Courtenay, and witnessed, with even more delight, the glow of pleasure and admiration with which it was observed by the latter; of admiration at the heightening charm which it gave to

her countenance, and pleasure at its happy presage; for Courtenay thought, with many others of his sex, that a lady's heart might soon be secured, when the "eloquent blood" had been taught to fly from that citadel to her cheeks.

Caroline's manner towards him quickly assumed a new character. Her former unrestrained, light-hearted frankness now gave place to a timid, conscious, hesitating reserve,—which, as its very constraint was natural, and unmixed with prudery, was infinitely more fascinating than her former gaiety.

Courtenay imagined this to spring, not from her first perception of his own devotion to her—for that he doubted not she must long have perceived—but from an awakening sense of something like a reciprocal feeling, which her shrinking delicacy prompted her to check, at least in appearance. There was something much more touching in these little timid efforts to avoid him, which now became observ-

able to the quick eye of a lover; and in consequence, Courtenay's manner soon assumed a warmer shade of tender interest.

In fact, that which made these seeming indications of suppressed love in Caroline so peculiarly satisfactory, and imparted to her air so attractive a colouring of delicate reserve, was a circumstance which of all others was most calculated to overthrow his hopes: it was the circumstance of Caroline's not possessing a heart utterly unsubdued, but ever, when he seemed to press his suit, turning her thoughts, with fond regret, upon another. The image of Henry Granby was not yet effaced. It had suffered materially from the artful misrepresentations of Tyrrel; and she had made to herself a vow to dismiss him utterly from her mind. But this vow she found it impossible to keep. She soon began to view his offences with diminished anger. The ill-omened voice of Tyrrel died away upon her ear, like the sound of a passing storm; and that of Granby, as she used to hear it before the

period of their separation, was heard again in fancy, almost as distinctly as if the reality were present. She felt, that however ill he might have returned her love, he had scarcely done anything which should cost him her esteem. Why should she take upon herself to regulate his feelings by her own? No words had ever passed between them, to authorize such an assumption on her part; no pledge had been distinctly given. He was quite at liberty to attach himself to Miss Darrell, or any one else, without deserving her displeasure. "Nay," thought she, when she reflected on the cold behaviour which she had been forced to observe towards him, "may he not have been justly offended, and driven, by the supposition of my unkindness, to take refuge in the smiles of those who were not compelled, like me, to assume a coldness which they did not feel? No—though I must now withhold my love—for it were to him an useless gift—yet he must ever possess my warm esteem."

Thus, in the fervent simplicity of a young

and innocent heart, did she persuade herself, that in changing the name of that sentiment, which still remained unchanged in nature, she had gained a signal mastery over her affections. But this *esteem*, as she now called it, was every day receiving added warmth from the frequent earnest praises of Courtenay.

This young man was not one of those ungenerous spirits, who feel uneasy under the load of an obligation which they may be without the means or the opportunity of repaying. He did not shrink from the implied superiority of him who had been his protecting genius in the hour of danger; and thought it but a small re-payment of the debt he owed him, to sound his praises everywhere. He could not advert to the specific instance of signal assistance which had been afforded him in the case of Tyrrel; but he took many opportunities of speaking of his benefactor in strong terms of admiration and regard.

These expressions from *his* lips excited feelings in Caroline's mind of a mingled and pecu-

liar nature. She knew not whether she was grieved or glad. She rejoiced to hear that Granby possessed, in the eyes of his friend, those virtues which she herself had seen in him; but she was pained to think that such excellence was lost to her. To hear his praise was always grateful, but it was cruel to hear it from the lips of one who was trying to supplant him; and though she seemed to like Courtenay the better for this appreciation of Granby's merits, she lamented that one so amiable should be suffered to cherish a hopeless passion, and destroy his prospects of success even by the very means through which he chiefly won her favour.

She began, however, to be sensible that these praises of Granby were too dangerous to be listened to with impunity, and that she was fast overleaping that cold boundary of esteem which she imagined herself to have so strictly drawn. She was obliged to have recourse to the thought, that since his demonstrations of affection to *her*, Henry Granby had loved, had offered himself

to another; and thus, by this dedication of his heart to one whom she felt that she did not in the least resemble, had effectually precluded it from ever returning to her. This was a bitter, but a salutary thought. Yet even this was doomed to be disturbed, by a conversation which took place on the following morning.

CHAP VIII.

Tant que l'amour dure il subsiste de soi-même, et quelquefois par le choses qui semblent le devoir eteindre ;—par les caprices, par les rigueurs, par l'eloig-ement, par la jalousie

LA BRUYERE.

AT the time referred to in our last chapter, the party were all assembled in the library. Sir Thomas Jermyn was writing at a table apart from the rest of the company, charmingly overwhelmed with a flood of correspondence, and much too busy, as he said, to speak a word to anybody.—Lady Jermyn was searching in a well-filled but disorderly scrap-book, for some "Lines on Twilight," by an uncle of her's, that she wished to shew to Lady Harriet.—Caroline was arrang-

ing materials for drawing.—Courtenay, with a book in his hand, which he had begun to read because she recommended it, was hovering near her.—Mr. Duncan was in an arm chair, reading a newspaper; and Lady Harriet, with her reticule on her lap, was languidly reposing in another opposite, perusing a letter she had received that morning.

"So Louisa Darrell is going to be married," exclaimed she—first breaking the short silence that had taken place, and folding up her letter as she spoke.

Exclamations were heard at once from several quarters.

"And what is the name of the happy man?" said Mr. Duncan, laying down his paper.

"You may see the letter," said his lady, holding it out to him to take.

"I had rather be told."

"Well, then, Sir Basil Herbert," said Lady Harriet.

"Oh, poor Basil!" exclaimed Duncan, "I thought he was a lost man when we met him at Brighton He was hard to please, when you praised the lady;—the most infallible sign of any. I remember one day talking of Miss Darrell. I said I thought her fascinating. Of course I concluded that this would do.—Not a bit of it. 'Fascinating!' Sir Basil said, and he looked at me as if I had called her disagreeable—'Fascinating! she is perfect.'"

"Perfect in some respects, no doubt," said Lady Jermyn, with a civil sneer. "Practice makes perfect, as we all know. She is a very showy young woman—quite one of your dashers."

"I should think," said Caroline, "she must be clever, she has such an expressive countenance."

"She has a great play of feature," said Courtenay, "and a good deal of expression; but I doubt whether it arises so much from talent, as from lively spirits. There is some-

thing striking about her certainly. A friend of mine was, I think, a little smitten at one time, or I should rather say, not a little."

Caroline durst not ask the name. In an instant, however, he had told her.

"It was Henry Granby," continued he. "I taxed him once with serious intentions; but he seemed rather sore upon that subject."

Caroline gained from this remark a little accession of comfort; and she would have given worlds to have heard him talk longer upon such a topic: but he dropped it, and Lady Harriet, who had not heard a syllable he said, proceeded to unfold her sentiments upon the character of Louisa Darrell.

"Yes," said she, with a thoughtful air, "Louisa has many shining qualities, and she is a very dear friend of mine; but I am not blind to her defects. She wants repose. There are many picturesque points in her character, viewing her as one would a picture; great freedom of outline — strong light and

shadow ; — and brilliant relief but no neutral tint—'tis there she fails—one feels the want of intermediate tint."

" I wonder she did not marry sooner," said Lady Jermyn, in hope of hearing her opinion questioned.

Mr. Duncan had the prompt civility to contradict her. " Lady Jermyn," said he, " I beg leave to differ in opinion with you—*my* wonder is that she is married so soon."

" Nay, Mr. Duncan," said her Ladyship, made quite happy by this remark, " surely—she was generally considered a very *taking* sort of person, and one whom gentlemen admired. To be sure she *is* rather what one calls a flirt ; and I know some gentlemen who think *that* rather alarming. I suppose that this was your reason for saying she was not likely to marry."

" Not entirely," said Duncan, " though it has a good deal to do with it. My chief reason was, that I think her too much a woman of

display—one to look at—and prattle to—rather than to live with. She seems to be much admired; and so she is, in a certain way. But you are not to judge of the real feelings of young men in general, by the temporary admiration and attention which they bestow in a ball-room. They generally select a partner for life, upon very different principles from those upon which they single out their partner for the next quadrille. Nay, they will even, sometimes, display the most outward gallantry to those whom in their hearts they esteem the least. Indeed, I will even go so far as to say, that were a man at the same time in company with the woman whom he means to marry, and one comparatively indifferent to him, he might possibly, nay, he in all probability would, talk most to the latter."

"That is going a great way," said Courtenay. "Do you think," he added, lowering his voice, and addressing Caroline, "that such conduct may be natural?"

Caroline secretly hoped it was, and timidly answered, "I am rather inclined to agree with Mr. Duncan."

"There!" said Mr. Duncan, who overheard her, "a young lady does me the honour to think with me. Thank you, Miss Jermyn, for your welcome support. I flatter myself, that the fact is very nearly as I stated. Whatever may be generally thought, depend upon it, people very much in love do not chatter nonsense to one another."

"Nay, my dear Frederic," interrupted Lady Harriet, "do not say so, for you used to talk a great deal of charming nonsense when you were in love with me. And now you are grown so dreadfully sensible, I would give the world every now and then to hear you say a silly thing—it would put me in mind of dear old times."

"I hope those happy days of nonsense are not past beyond recall." said Courtenay.

"Yes—yes," cried Lady Harriet, "I am afraid they are—we all grow wiser and worse—

oh! you cannot think what agreeable things Duncan used to say to me."

"I could say them still, with a great deal of pleasure," said he, "but I am afraid you would think that they had lost their point by repetition."

"Truth never tires," said Courtenay.

"Thank you for the compliment, though I question the position," said Lady Harriet. "Frederic," (addressing her husband), "part of that belongs to you. Cannot you, in return, say something civil, that shall include both Mr. Courtenay and myself? I'm sure it would be a much better employment than attacking poor Miss Darrell."

"Nay, my love, since she will soon cease to be Miss Darrell, let us attack her while we can. I do believe that it is by reason of this pressing urgency of time, that brides elect usually become the subjects of such an increased portion of good-natured criticism, when it is known that they are about to change their name. As for

Miss Darrell, I am willing to allow that she has many attractive qualities; but, nevertheless, I much doubt whether she would make an agreeable wife. As my little lady said, she wants repose of character—she is always too much on the '*qui vive*.' She is a lively, sparkling, brilliant creature—but nobody wants eternal glitter in a *tête-à-tête*—she has more shining than sterling qualities—she is not a comfortable sort of person—she is one who would always enliven one's neighbour's party much more than one's own home—in one word, she is not domestic."

"Oh that horrid word!" exclaimed Lady Harriet, "I hate to hear of domestic people—I always associate the term with a vulgar, housewifely, bustling body, that goes rummaging about the house with a jingling bunch of keys in her pocket, and a ball of worsted in her hand, and thinks it the first best duty of a wife to make good tea, and hem cravats, and carve a turkey for sixteen people, and know at first sight, when

she sits down to table, if the fish is done a bubble too little."

"My dear Harriet, spare your philippic," said Mr. Duncan; "I cannot allow you to satirize yourself at this rate. You are yourself an excellent tea maker, and I have no doubt have a genius equal either to hemming a cravat, or carving a turkey; and as for a subtle judgment in fish, you know that you ordered out the underboiled salmon yourself, the day we stopped to dine at Northampton."

"You only say that to provoke me," said Lady Harriet; "but it does not provoke me, or convince me either. No—I still hate domestic people. If I were a man, the woman whom I should admire and choose, should be one of a high, commanding intellect—another Corinne, if that were possible. She should have a great deal of imagination — bright, warm, glowing imagination—full of spirit, and taste, and feeling—tremblingly alive to every little shade of sentiment — yet firm and powerfully minded.

Beauty I would not quite dispense with—but it would not be uppermost in my thoughts. The mind—the mind—that is the first grand point with me—she must have a mind—if she had not a mind, I would not marry even an angel."

"Oh, certainly," said Lady Jermyn, who had not exactly heard what preceded this last expression of Lady Harriet, "I quite agree with you in that. I myself, if I were a gentleman, would never propose to any woman, if I thought she had not a mind to have me."

"I was not speaking of inclination," said Lady Harriet, "I meant capacity, spirit, feeling—in short—a soul—*that* was my indispensable requisite."

"Yes—yes—of course," said Lady Jermyn, who had begun to catch a glimpse of her mistake, and was anxious to make amends by prompt acquiescence: "I believe we think very much alike upon this subject. I am not for having the lady of a house too much of a housekeeper, or too much of a nurse, or too much of any-

thing—too much of any one thing is always bad —don't you think so, Mr. Duncan?" directing her conversation to that gentleman—for Lady Harriet, who had no idea of attending to anybody a moment longer than she liked, had began to look another way.

"Lady Jermyn," said Mr. Duncan, "I bow to your opinion. Nothing can be more unquestionable. But what is 'too much?' *There* remains the only doubt. I, for my part, cannot help thinking, that as you ladies do ten thousand things so much better than we men, the sphere of a wife's duties should be considerably enlarged. She should conduct all the internal management, and as much of the external as the gentleman is wise enough to surrender. All the minor offices of social life are so gracefully rendered by a female hand, that it were a pity they should ever be touched by any other. A wife's highest praise is to save her husband all possible trouble. She should suffer him to ab-

stract himself from all such petty cares as the turning away of servants, the ordering of fresh furniture, and so forth. He should be left at leisure to think all day of the Sinking Fund, the Catholic Question, and the Corn Laws. Nay, I do not know, if he were in Parliament, whether she should not even frank his letters. What says Sir Thomas Jermyn?"

"A frank?" said the baronet, whose parliamentary ears caught quickly at that flattering sound; —"Oh certainly. Who is it for? I have just one to spare. I have directed my ninth this very moment."

"Thank you," said Mr. Duncan; "but nobody wants a frank at present. We were only proposing, that in the consideration of the many other things you have to do, Lady Jermyn should henceforth be requested to perform the office of writing your franks for you."

Sir Thomas looked extremely shocked. "Are you aware," said he, "that such an act would

be felony? Felony by two acts of the last reign, and punishable by transportation for seven years?"

Mr. Duncan only laughed, in which Lady Jermyn and Courtenay joined. Lady Harriet was all this while in a reverie. She had not heard a word that had been uttered since Lady Jermyn spoke last, but had been summing up all that had been said by herself and others upon the subject of Miss Darrell.

"Really," said she, speaking as if she thought aloud, "I scarcely know whether Louisa was or was not the sort of girl that was likely to marry early. But," added she, turning to the company, "I can tell you a fact which inclines me to think that she was not. Not long ago—it was in July—the day before we left town—in the course of conversation I asked her how many proposals she had ever had."

"Nay, nay, Harriet, not in direct terms?" said Duncan.

"Oh, but I did. Why should not I? I

asked her expressly the question. I tell you; and she assured me that she never had one."

"Indeed!" exclaimed several voices at once, and Caroline's among the rest,—who had more powerful motives for surprise than any of the company; for she remembered Tyrrel's intimation that Granby had made Miss Darrell an offer of his hand; a piece of information which ever since had deeply preyed upon her mind.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Harriet; "are not you surprised? Who would have thought it! So charming as she was! It argues a shocking want of taste in the men. Poor dear girl! I have got her picture somewhere here. I'll show it to you." And going to the table, she took out of her tortoise-shell work-box the identical miniature which Henry Granby had carried to Gray's. "It is very like her—is not it?" said she, showing it to Caroline. "Did you ever see it before?"

"Not this," said Caroline, "but one very like it—a copy, I suppose."

"No, this never was copied. But whose was it that you saw?"

"I saw it at Gray's," said she, with a slight blush of confusion, which she endeavoured to conceal by bending down her face to examine the miniature.

"At Gray's? Ah—then I dare say it was this. The setting was different when you saw it. I sent it there to be re-set. I made young Granby take it for me. It was a very good commission for him. I treat young men as I should a poodle—I always teach them to fetch and carry. It is the only thing you are good for," said she, in a laughing tone to Courtenay.

With what pleasure did Caroline now gaze upon the miniature which had once caused her so severe a pang! What an agitating, yet delightful revolution had been effected in her thoughts and feelings almost within the space of a single minute! Fearing lest her emotion might be visible, and wishing to enjoy alone the undisturbed contemplation of this brightened view,

she hastily replaced her drawings, and retired from the party, to indulge in blissful meditations in the solitude of her own apartment.

There, on reviewing the past, and considering the effect of this disclosure on her mind, she soon became sensible that she had imposed on herself a false persuasion, in endeavouring to think that henceforth she could regard Granby with the indifferent sentiments of cold esteem. That delusion was now fast melting away The impression which afflicted her most deeply, namely, that of his devotion to Miss Darrell, had now been dissipated in an instant; and though much still remained to prevent their union, it seemed to her ardent mind, at that happy moment, as though all had been removed; and she dared once more to whisper to herself that she loved.

Connected with this subject there arose another of serious consideration: the increasing attachment of Courtenay; of which, though little had been explicitly declared, she now felt not

the smallest doubt. How far would she be justified—feeling as she then did, that her heart was not her own to give, and that she never could return his love—in encouraging this hopeless passion? And encourage it she necessarily must, unless she did something effectual to thwart it? What that should be remained a question. She could not behave to him with rudeness; nor did she wish, from her great respect for his many estimable qualities, to give him an unkind dismissal, or entirely dissemble the degree of esteem in which she held him. She had no mean coquettish feelings, and abhorred the treachery which would lure another onward by false hopes, and feed a heartless vanity with the homage of one whom she could never reward. She did not prize herself so highly as to suppose that the loss of her would blast for ever the happiness of Courtenay. But she was not quite inexperienced in the pains of an unfortunate attachment; and she did the other sex the justice to believe that they might also possess feelings scarcely less susceptible

than her own: and on this account she was amiably desirous to do no unnecessary violence to those of Courtenay.

Something, however, must be done; and on the nature of that "something" she seriously and maturely pondered. At length, after many a struggle with herself, and frequent balancing of contrary opinions, she resolved candidly to tell him that her affections were pre-engaged; and least he should still endeavour to resist the previous claims of his rival, she would also inform him that that rival was no other than his friend Granby.

This was a bold and appalling measure, for a young woman of great natural timidity, and the most sensitive delicacy of feeling. But agitating as the confession must necessarily be, she did not allow her purpose to cool upon subsequent reflection. It was a plan, not hastily devised, but one which she approached with fear and repugnance. The more she turned it in her mind, the more advisable did it seem; and the in-

creased demonstrations of attention which betrayed themselves in Courtenay's manner that same evening, added fresh arguments to her former stock. Still she was sensible, that since she could not assume, from his manner alone, however unequivocal, the fact of his attachment, her communication must necessarily be preceded by some declaration on his part to that effect, This, however, she doubted not that the following day would afford; and after much consideration, she decided that in such a case it would be no violation of female propriety, to throw opportunities in his way, and induce him to become explicit. With these intentions she retired to rest.

CHAP. IX.

Les choses les plus souhaitées n'arrisent point; ou si elles arrivent ce n'est ni dans le temps, ni dans les circomstances ou elles auroient fait un extreme plaisir.—La Bruyere.

With an unaltered resolution did Caroline meet the party assembled at the breakfast-table on the following morning; and she did not feel her courage droop even on again encountering the admiring gaze of Courtenay.

Much conversation took place; but it was at length broken by the arrival of the post, which produced, as usual, numerous letters and papers. This interesting interruption soon occupied the attention of all the party. There was a letter

a-piece for Mr. Duncan, Lady Harriet, and Courtenay, and a considerable number directed to Sir Thomas Jermyn.

Sundry noddings, and "will you excuse me's," passed round the table, and Courtenay and the Duncans were soon deeply engaged with their respective letters. Sir Thomas was deliberately breaking seal after seal of his numerous envelopes; Caroline was watching him; and Lady Jermyn, by way of a resource, had taken up the newspaper.

Not a word was spoken for several minutes; and nothing was heard but the crackling of paper. Lady Jermyn was the first to break the silence.

"Pray, Mr. Duncan," said she, raising her eyes from the newspaper, and seeing that he had finished his letter, "can you assist me in this? Here is a most mysterious paragraph. Perhaps you know the parties it alludes to. I will read it to you. 'It is confidently reported that a singular discovery has taken place, affecting the

legitimacy of the only son of a late noble lord The succession to the title and estates thereby devolves upon a cousin of the deceased. The investigation of this singular affair will probably ere long furnish matter of employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. The reputed heir is said to have absconded, leaving unpaid play debts, and divers bonds against him, to a considerable amount. This event has caused great consternation in certain *attic* circles in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, and to some *respectable* money lenders of the fraternity of Duke's-place. We trust in the course of a few days to be able to furnish our readers with fuller particulars.' Well, now, who are these people? Who is this Lord that is dead? and who is his cousin? and who is the reputed heir that has run away? I dare say you can tell us all about it."

"No, really, I fear not," said Mr. Duncan. "I can help you to guess, and that is all. There is not sufficient clue to admit of more. We had

better consider first what Peers have died lately. There was Lord Stratford, about a fortnight ago. He has left only one son—a wild youth too, and fond of play. The latter part of the paragraph made me think of him directly. But then Lord Stratford has two brothers, and the title would go to the eldest of these, and not to a cousin."

"But, Mr. Duncan," said Lady Jermyn, "newspapers do make such mistakes. It may be Lord Stratford, after all. There is no such thing as accuracy in a newspaper. Why, now, only two months ago, when we met you at Brighton, in the 'Fashionable Changes,' they chose to send us all to Worthing, and they spelt Jermyn with an 'a.' It is the second time they have done so. I never believe a newspaper."

"But in this instance," said Duncan, "unless we make up our minds to believe all the tattle they choose to tell us, it will be vain to attempt to guess their meaning. Let me see—Lord Malton died not long ago—I cannot help think-

ing it may mean him. Tyrrel, too, was said to gamble, and is not a very unlikely man to get into the sort of scrape this paragraph alludes to."

"What! abscond and because of his play-debts! Oh, Mr. Duncan! I assure you we know him intimately, and never suspected anything of the kind. A most agreeable person indeed. He used to be a great deal with us in town this summer. We have not seen him since he became Lord Malton. Indeed, you know—it is so recent—we were not likely—though we are related. Poor old Lord Malton! He was an excellent man, I believe. He went off very suddenly—we are only just out of mourning for him."

"Ay—poor Malton!" said Sir Thomas, who caught the name without having heard the paragraph, or being conscious of what had passed —"Poor Malton! I wonder how he has left his affairs."

"There is the doubt," said Mr. Duncan; "Lady Jermyn has found a paragraph in that

paper about 'a late noble Lord,' and we were questioning whether it might not possibly refer to Lord Malton."

Lady Jermyn held out the paper to Sir Thomas, pointing to the passage in question, and received in exchange a letter, which he had just taken from an envelope. "I doubt it," said the Baronet, after having read the paragraph. "If this had been Lord Malton, from our connection with the family we should certainly have heard something about the business before it appeared in a public paper."

"Stay—stay," said Lady Jermyn, looking up from her letter with a very significant smile; "I think, ladies and gentlemen, I can throw a little light upon it. Here is a letter from my old friend Mrs. Dormer. You shall hear what she says. 'My dear Lady Jermyn—' but I need not read you all the letter—I will pass on to the important part. 'You will be surprised to hear of the extraordinary event that has taken place in the family of our relation, Lord Mal-

ton. It is discovered that Mr. Tyrrel was not the son of the late Lady Malton, but was substituted when an infant for the real heir, who died very young. This circumstance was known only to our good friend the General, who was bound to keep it secret until the death of the late Lord. My nephew, Henry Granby, (I suppose I must now call him Lord Malton), found an account of the whole transaction among his uncle's papers; and this has been proved by the testimony of some of the parties concerned, who are still alive. I would give you fuller particulars, but that I hardly know them yet myself. It is a strange business; and has surprised and shocked me very much: though I cannot help rejoicing at my nephew's good fortune. He wrote to me a few days ago, and told me that I might now inform my friends of the event. I have known it some time, but was not allowed to mention it sooner; for my nephew, from motives of delicacy, not wishing it should become a subject of discussion and misrepresentation in

the newspapers, determined to keep it a profound secret, except among his immediate relatives, until the business was brought more nearly to an issue. He, however, found out lately, that owing to the imprudence of some of the late Lord's household, the circumstance began to be known; and he therefore thought it advisable to communicate the real fact.'

"That is all," said Lady Jermyn, folding up her letter, and highly pleased at having been the channel of such a communication. "I must write directly to Lady Daventry, and tell her all about it." She then handed her letter to Sir Thomas, and looked round triumphantly at the faces of the company, who were all too much surprised to utter more than exclamations.

"Well," said Mr. Duncan, first breaking silence, "a part of this intelligence gives me great pleasure. I am glad to hear that the title goes to young Granby. He is a great favourite of mine. I think he will do credit to his new honours."

"He will, indeed," said Courtenay, in a tone of unaffected earnestness. "I know no person who is more deserving of every advantage that the world can bestow, or is less likely to misuse them."

Caroline looked up unconsciously at his animated countenance, as he uttered these words, and was rivetted by the enthusiastic beauty of it's expression. In her eyes that countenance had never before appeared so pleasing. An instant recalled to her mind the too earnest steadfastness of her gaze; and she cast down her eyes, and blushed at the seeming impropriety of her momentary forgetfulness.

Courtenay's attention was instantly directed from Granby to her, and forgetting everything else, he was looking at her averted face, and indulging himself with a flattering interpretation of that beautiful blush.

"Very clear and satisfactory," said Sir Thomas Jermyn, returning the letter to his Lady. "I knew that I should be informed, if

anything really material occurred. And you see, so it has turned out; and as for that puzzling stuff in the paper, it did not arrive a bit earlier than the letter; nay, in point of fact, this letter was written—if you look at the date —this letter was written before that paragraph was printed—so that I may fairly say, I received the first intelligence from a private quarter. I am very glad," pursued the Baronet, with a ludicrous effort to look well pleased—"I am very glad Lord Malton did not make me his executor. Good gracious! only conceive! With all these things coming to light —what a chaos of business I should have found myself involved in! and very awkward business too, let me tell you. Heaven knows how I should have got through it all. I have my hands so full already, that I hardly know how to turn myself."

"Dear!" said Lady Harriet, "what can you have to do?"

"Ah! Lady Harriet," said the Baronet,

with a smile of exquisite importance, " you ladies can have no conception of the weight of business which we are obliged to undergo. Why, now, to give you some idea of it, you shall have last week as a specimen: on Monday I had to take the chair at a turnpike meeting; on Tuesday, I went to throw out the encroachments on Prescot Heath; on Wednesday, I held my petty sessions with Dealtry; on Thursday—what did I do on Thursday? Oh! on Thursday we held our adjourned Vestry; on Friday, I rode with another magistrate along the old road to Westborough, that Lord Dorrington wants to stop—clearly a nuisance—to him at least, though some of the farmers seemed to think they should miss it—but those people never know what they want;—this was on Friday; and then on Saturday——"

" Ah! true," interposed Lady Harriet, " I see that your time is fully occupied. You certainly have no leisure to act, even as an executor."

"Even as an executor! Do you know," said the Baronet, "what an executor has to do? No? Then I'll tell you. In the first place—"

"Oh, no, no, no," exclaimed Lady Harriet, "you shall not tell me. Now pray don't. I want to try to find it all out; that is so much more interesting. I shall poke out some old book that treats about it. There is that book the lawyers read. What is it? Coke upon Littleton; ay, that is the name. I shall get that, and study it.——Well, but really," she added, after a moment's pause, "I am quite delighted to hear that Henry Granby is to have a title and a fine estate. Now he wants nothing but a wife. I think I must write to congratulate him, and tell him to look out for some lady directly. All rich young men should marry early. Don't you think so, Sir Thomas Jermyn. Don't you think he ought to marry immediately?"

Lady Jermyn heard the question, and sat in breathless apprehension, lest her lord and mas-

ter should commit himself upon a *certain subject*. Caroline also felt uneasy, though from thoughts of a different kind. Neither of them had cause to fear; the Baronet's reply was perfectly safe.

"Why, as to his marrying immediately," said he, "I cannot honestly say that I should advise that. A man who comes into a new estate, has too much to do to think of marrying. He has his hands pretty full I promise you—as full—ha! ha!" (with a chuckle that augured an approaching joke) "as full—ay, and fuller too in some cases, by a pretty deal, than his pockets." Here he gave vent to a hearty laugh; then quickly regaining his composure, he proceeded to enumerate the duties to which he had alluded. "He has to look over the steward's accounts. He has to ride over the estate. He has to look at the buildings on it. He has to enquire into the state of the leases, and see when they drop, and when they want renewing, and whether they ought to be raised or not.

And then," added he, with a little dry laugh, and a twinkle of the eye, " there are such things as mortgages now and then upon estates; and, perhaps, by way of a pleasant thing, he may have to enquire into some of these, and find out how much they leave him really worth."

" Ah—yes—yes," said Lady Harriet, to whom all this had been worse than Hebrew—" I think I understand what you mean:—a man who has all this to do, cannot give up the time, and pay the attention to his lady, that all ladies naturally expect. If he has all this employment at home, he cannot be travelling about as new married people always do. By the bye, to my mind, that is an odious way of spending the honey-moon. I cannot think," (turning to her husband) " how we came to fall into it. If I were to marry you over again, I would not do so, certainly. It is the finest plan in the world to make people tired of each other."

" Do you mean, Harriet," said Mr. Duncan,

" to cite ourselves as instances of its bad effects ?"

" No—no—" said she laughing, " but it really is a bad plan. People travel over each others minds, as rapidly as they do over the country, and I fear, very few are the instances in which they do not soon arrive at the barren tracts !"

" Lady Harriet," resumed the Baronet, " I perfectly agree with you upon the subject of travelling. That was not, I conceive, the way in which the time and attention of a newly married man ought to be taken up. No—at that period he has many important things to think of—many important things to enquire into himself; —unless he trusts implicitly to his lawyer; and I hold it a bad system to trust implicitly to any body. There are the settlements—"

" Settlements !" exclaimed Lady Harriet,— " Oh ! don't mention them. I am as great an enemy to the contamination of love with law,

as any Lydia Languish that ever was imagined."

The Baronet looked blank and disappointed, at not being allowed to talk of settlements; for he had much to say upon that subject, and hoped thereby to have brought in a story which he had often told, and which he still believed to be a good one. But he could not proceed in defiance of Lady Harriet's prohibition, and he consoled himself with prosing a little about the Tedsworth estate, and Henry Granby, and slid in a few commendations, in which (in consideration of his altered circumstances) Lady Jermyn heartily concurred—and so ended breakfast.

And what had Caroline said all this while, on the subject of Granby's sudden elevation? Not one word. Though sensible that she might freely have given vent to expressions of gladness, without having her words weighed and noted by any but her parents, yet there was a deep consciousness that restrained their utterance,

and not even a murmur or gesture of surprise was suffered to escape.

But her feelings who shall describe? Her own tongue refused to become their herald, and vain would it be for the pen of another to attempt clothing them in befitting terms. All was joy—deep, overpowering, rapturous joy—mixed with surprise, and gratitude, and thickly chequered with bright prospective visions, which danced awhile before her eyes, then faded into doubtful gloom, and were anon replaced by new.

And then arose a thought of serious moment, and bringing with it new disappointment;—that thought was of Courtenay. The plan which she had formed of communicating to him the engaged state of her affections, must now be entirely abandoned. It could never be borne, that an explanation which ought to carry with it the undoubted impress of having sprung from none but feelings of the purest candour, should appear to be sullied at its source, by the suggestions of sor-

did interest—that a step, which even, under the most propitious circumstances, prudery might plausibly term indelicate, should now bear the additional imputation of heartless ambition. On the very eve of his rising greatness to avow an affection, which in his poverty she had struggled to conceal! It was impossible. How could she reply with dignity and firmness, to the well merited taunts which such a conduct would call forth in Courtenay? How would he turn with disdain from one who never seemed to have rejected his affection, till a richer prize appeared in view! Should she tell him that her affections were engaged, without informing him of their object? By so doing, she would fail in the openness which ought to characterize such a measure. Besides, should fortune, hereafter, unite her fate with Granby's, that object would be effectually discovered; and then, how deep and just would be the contempt with which her name must be pronounced by her husband's

warm and early friend. No—the plan she had formed, must be abandoned.

How, then, was she to escape from the addresses of Courtenay? for this she must do at all events. Fortunately he was going early on the morrow. But might he not, before his departure, make the dreaded offer of his hand? Or if he did not, was it right, by the friendship which she exhibited, to add fresh fuel to his hopes? Was it not better altogether to avoid him? She longed for some excuse—some illness, even—that might confine her to her room.

This wish was soon realized, in the shape of a head-ache, caused probably by the agitation of her spirits. It soon became sufficiently severe to justify an entreaty to her mother to be allowed to absent herself from the dinner table, and to dispense with her re-appearance at least until the following morning.

The entreaty was granted. Caroline saw no more of Courtenay that day; and on the fol-

lowing morning, with a joyful heart, did she from her window witness his departure.

"He is gone," said she, "for months at least—perhaps for years. He will soon cease to think of me. He will see others who can return his affection; and I trust, when at some distant period we meet again, he may be happily united to some one worthy of his choice; or if not, he will have learned to look on me with mere regard."

While she was thus communing with herself, Lady Jermyn entered the room, and after enquiries about her health, and comments on her looks, proceeded to speak of Courtenay's departure. "I think, Caroline, he was very sorry to go away without seeing you. He made many earnest inquiries. I suppose you know he is coming to us again in November?"

Caroline was no less surprised than sorry.—"No, mamma," said she, "I never heard of it."

"Oh! I thought I had told you. We asked him two or three days ago. We found that he

would be returning this way from Scotland, about the beginning of November---exactly the time that the Daventrys have promised to come to us. There could not be a nicer opportunity. I asked him to meet *them*. It was an excellent reason to give. It is a difficult thing, in our situation, to invite young single men to come and stay with us. It would be very imprudent, not to say indelicate, to appear to do it on your account. One cannot be too nice and guarded upon these points."

Poor Caroline! her fancied vision of security was dissipated in an instant. "Well" thought she, "two months may work a change;" and sighing, she withdrew to muse upon the scanty consolation which this thought conveyed.

CHAP. X.

Waken, Lords and Ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily mingle they;
Waken, Lords and Ladies gay.

W. Scott

November came, and with it came Lord and Lady Daventry, their son, and two eldest daughters; with it came also Courtenay. The Duncans, who had been pressed to repeat their visit at this period, also came. A farther addition to the Brackingsley party appeared in the person of Mr. William Char-

lecote, who was invited as being the friend of Mr. Clifton, and tolerably well known to Courtenay; and who, as he was a young man of small expectations, was considered a very proper person to give a disinterested colour to the whole arrangement, and throw a little farther obscurity over the real object of Courtenay's visit.

Caroline soon found, to her sorrow, that two months had not wrought the change which she anticipated; and that Courtenay, on his second visit, came prepared to admire her as much as before, and to testify that admiration no less plainly. This now became more unpleasant, on account of the extended party before whom it would be so openly exhibited; for she doubted not that it would excite the quick observation of her cousins, the Miss Cliftons; and she regarded as a serious punishment the playful remarks with which they were likely to assail her. Nor could she, upon a re-consideration of Courtenay's manner, doubt any longer

that it was his intention to propose to her, and that this proposal was not far distant. His devotion to her was much more manifest, now when there were other young ladies present, who might reasonably be expected to engage some portion of his attention; for she found herself perpetually engrossing, in rather a distressing manner, a very unfair proportion of his civilities.

Caroline did not, however, feel more favourably disposed towards an acceptance of his offer. It was not that she thought less of Courtenay, but that she believed the state of her affections to remain unchanged. No direct communication had taken place between her parents and the new Lord Malton. Sir Thomas meditated at one time a letter of congratulation on Henry's accession to the title; but on reflection he felt, or thought he ought to feel, a little nettled at having received no direct intimation of that circumstance from the person himself; and upon consulting with Lady Jermyn, it ap-

peared to both that there were "awkwardnesses" in the case, which rendered it advisable to take no notice of that event.

The same consideration probably sealed their lips; for from the time that Courtenay and the Duncans quitted them, they hardly ever mentioned the subject. Caroline had therefore received no impulse to her sentiments, in any direction, from the opinions of her parents, except that she experienced a disheartening chill, from this obstinate silence upon a subject which ought to have been so interesting—a silence which indicated a decided hostility between the parties. There were times also when she felt rather indignant at Henry for having taken this mode of shewing his persevering remembrance of a former slight; but she was still as much as ever averse to receive the addresses of any other person.

Courtenay had now arrived at the determination of making Caroline a formal offer of his hand; and intended speedily to carry his intent

into execution. He wished, however, before taking this final step, to receive some more unequivocal testimony of her goodwill than he had hitherto been able to obtain; for notwithstanding the excusable blindness of a lover's ardour, which can often interpret mere civility into positive encouragement, he was not altogether satisfied that Caroline had yet arrived at such a state of acquiescent kindness as would secure him from the humiliation of a refusal. He consequently purposed to await the result of a few days,—assuring himself that at the end of that period he might safely propose to her, should he in the interim perceive no discouraging symptoms of disinclination.

Meanwhile, a circumstance occurred which materially influenced his prospects. In consequence of a request from Sir Thomas Jermyn to Sir Cuthbert Andrews, who kept fox-hounds, and hunted in that neighbourhood, it was arranged that the hounds should meet at Brackingsley while the Daventrys and Duncans

were staying there; and the day now finally appointed was the third after their arrival.

Sir Thomas Jermyn was not a sportsman. He had pursued the amusements of the field very little in his youth, and cared still less about them in his riper years. He thought, nevertheless, that the reputation of being somewhat versed in these pursuits was desirable in a country gentleman. He, therefore, did not neglect the means of securing to himself a small portion of this fame; but attended the Higleston coursing meeting, and always made a point of taking out his gun on the first of September. He was also pleased to have the hounds meet at Brackingsley; not from any interest which he took in their proceedings, but because it seemed to give a temporary importance to himself and his place. It also gave him much to do; called forth all the little sporting lore which he possessed; and gave him a plea for instructing persons, who on that subject were much wiser than himself, and for enlightening the field upon the subject of his

manorial rights, and the extent of his domain: for he never failed to inform a favoured few, that if the fox would but go in a particular direction, which he pointed out, they would have the pleasure of running no less than two miles and a half, in a pretty straight line, over his property.

Then he had many preparatory directions to give, about stopping earths, and opening gates, and cautioning tenants to keep up their dogs; and much comfortable grumbling on the excessive trouble it gave at the time, and the damage that was done when all was over. In short, on the morning of such an event, Sir Thomas Jermyn was in his glory.

The morning came; and an auspicious morning it was; just the day that sportsmen love: there was the "southerly wind," and the "cloudy sky," in full perfection: the wind just indicating its existence by a slight accession of coolness on your face when you turned to the south, and the gentle motion of the feathery

tops of the tall birch; the sky fleckered with dull gray clouds, which lay lapped closely one over the other, with that settled appearance which conveyed no more the expectation of rain than if the heavens had been one blue.

There had been no shower for several days, and the turf was in a most tempting state, for the curious in canters to prick their gentle steeds upon. It was yielding without softness, and firm and elastic without being hard. In short, every thing was as it should be; and Sir Thomas Jermyn was quite happy.

Half-past ten arrived; and, punctual to their time, the hounds were seen, with their attendant huntsmen and whippers-in, in their little round caps, trotting across the lawn towards the house. Beyond, in groups of three or four, were sundry sportsmen, emerging from various points towards the place of rendezvous. Some were well mounted, and dressed in scarlet; others there were, whose bottle-green jackets, and dusky corderoys, mounted as they

were on stiff useful horses, or washy bits of blood, denoted the tight, spruce, gentleman farmer, who thinks he is well to do in the world—takes a gentlemanly bit of pleasure—catches to admiration the knowing look which is not despised by our aristocracy—keeps a good greyhound or two—bets hard and loud, if not high, at a coursing meeting—and rides his own horse for the farmers' plate.

These, as they came nearer to the house, slackened their pace, and filed off towards the huntsman and his pack; while those whose appearance, aided by that of their horses, bespoke their superior pretensions, advanced boldly to pay their respects to the owner of the mansion. Several of these latter were ushered in; and first in dignity Sir Cuthbert Andrews, the master of the hunt.

Sir Cuthbert Andrews, (equally well known among sportsmen by the familiar name of Old Cutty) was a stout, hard-featured, middle-aged man, still hale and active, but exhibiting

in his countenance many symptoms of wear and tear. His face was marked with frequent lines, not of thought, but furrows engraved by hard drinking and hard riding. He was a grave, gentlemanly looking man, heavy in air and conversation; a man of few words, and fewer ideas; who occasionally, but not often, uttered a dry joke, and would laugh now and then at the jokes of others,—particularly of his huntsman, who was a wag and a character. He was a solemn man of pleasure. Amusement was his business; and like business, though it interested and occupied, it could not animate him. Even of the chase he talked without vivacity. Dearly as he loved it, he never seemed to feel the lively enthusiasm by which some are excited; and as for speaking of it in a gay or sportive manner,—it never entered his mind. The subject appeared to him too serious to be treated lightly. In his youth Sir Cuthbert was always considered "a good fellow," and still preserved the reputation of

a "steady hand," and a "regular goer;" and he was sometimes designated, by those who sported with him, when somewhat mellow with drinking after a hard run, as a "good-natured old boy." In what consisted his good-nature, it would be difficult to say; for he never lent a horse in his life, rode jealous in the field, and would not have stopped at a practicable fence, even if he had seen his best friend lying on his back on the other side. Perhaps his good-nature consisted in his liberal view of moral obligations; for he had never in his life severely denounced any known sin, except shooting a fox; and "a man who did that," as he observed, "deserved to be hung, drawn, and quartered."

Such was the person who was ushered into the saloon at Brackingsley, and who, after a few bows to the ladies, and a few enquiries addressed to Sir Thomas about earth-stopping, and other preliminaries, pulled out his watch, and proposed to proceed to business, and adjourn immediately to the scene of action.

The whole of the Brackingsley party were presently in motion. Courtenay, Clifton, and Charlecote, all appeared, well mounted, and "point device," in their accoutrements. Lord Daventry and Mr. Duncan rode to look at the hounds, on quiet hacks, dressed in their usual morning habiliments. Sir Thomas, who was no adventurous horseman, and whose age was sufficient to plead his excuse, took the field upon a small punchy galloway, upon which he used to ride about his farm; an animal free from all vice, and whom no consideration could have induced to run away with his rider.

Of the ladies, Lady Harriet Duncan and Lady Daventry pleaded cold and want of curiosity, and did not go out to partake of the amusement. Lady Jermyn had settled that Caroline should ride; and had offered horses to the Miss Cliftons in case they should like to accompany her. But these young ladies, though excellent horsewomen at home, could no more ride any but their own horses, than many other

young ladies can play out of any but their own music books. It was therefore decided finally, that they should go as spectators with Lady Jermyn, in an open carriage.

In this manner they all set out,—Caroline mounted on horseback, to the delight of Courtenay, who was ever at her side—of the Baronet, whom she accompanied—and of Lady Jermyn, who kept an eye perpetually upon her, and who thought with reason that she appeared to great advantage.

The whole *field* was now in motion; and a gay and gallant sight it was: steeds and riders equally animated, passing and repassing here and there in quick confusion, and forming unconsciously such charming, ever-varying groups for a painter's eye. And then, with all this bold picturesqueness of general effect, there was such brilliance of detail! So much withal of a drawing-room air in their dainty equipments for this bold, rough sport;—the perfect *style* of the coat—the immaculate

whiteness of the boot-top—the finished neatness of the horse furniture—in short, the absolute completeness of the whole *set-out!*

Meanwhile they approached the cover; and Sir Thomas, delighted with the bustle, and feeling himself to be lord of the ascendant for the time being, jogged along in conversation with Sir Cuthbert Andrews,—whose fast walking hunter kept his brother Baronet's galloway on a continued trot.

"A glorious day indeed, Sir Cuthbert," said his companion; "we have bespoke you that at any rate. But you have always good weather when you meet at Brackingsley."

"It is a tolerably good scenting day," said Sir Cuthbert, drily, taking a pinch of snuff as he spoke. "But the ground is too hard; we want rain!" Then turning in his saddle, he shouted out a direction to his huntsman, to draw the cover from the further end.

"Allow me, Sir Cuthbert," said Sir Thomas, "to recommend a contrary course."

Sir Cuthbert stared with surprise, that anyone should presume to direct him upon such a point.

"If I were you," pursued the other, "I would do exactly the reverse; I would put in my hounds at this end, and beat it up to the other. Thereby, Sir Cuthbert, you will force the fox—understand me—you will force the fox to take a better line of country—a line with which I am well acquainted, in which for the space of four miles are excellent bridle roads along the fields."

"Humph! thank you," said Sir Cuthbert, "but I don't care a curse for the bridle road. I leave that to the cock-tailed fellows that cannot ride across a country. Ah! ware hare!" he shouted, "Dick! look at Wanton and Restless—I shall draft those dogs," (to himself,)—"have you any friend that is setting up harriers?" (turning to Sir Thomas),—"Ned, take 'em on," (to his huntsman). "No riding yet, if you please Sir," (to a young man who was galloping

by). "Charlecote, will you sell that beast?" (addressing our acquaintance). "Damn that son of a journeyman tailor!" apostrophizing a dapper apothecary, who was rather too forward on a raw hot horse.

"Perhaps," pursued Sir Thomas, as soon as he saw an opportunity, "you think me interested in the direction you take—not the least I assure you; I was not thinking about my fences; that is my tenants' affair, and so I tell them when I see them. Besides, whichever way you go, you traverse nearly an equal portion of my property. Behind, for instance," (turning his own, and his horse's body, while his companion looked carelessly over his shoulder), "behind, I reach to within three fields of that church steeple. On my right—do you see—to that red house on the farthest hill—and straight before" —here he stopped, for Sir Cuthbert had made his horse move briskly forward, and nobody else was sufficiently near to receive the remainder of the sentence.

CHAP. XI.

Hark! from yon covert where those towering oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunter's shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,
The pack wide opening load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds.

SOMERVILLE.

THE hounds had now began to draw the cover, and the party stood in eager expectation, listening to the rustling of the horses and dogs among the brushwood, the occasional call of the huntsman, and the loud cracking of the whip.

Sir Thomas and his daughter, and several others of their party, were stationed on a small knoll, under the shelter of a clump of oaks,

which stood rather detached from the cover; while on the other side a smooth expanse of turf sloped down towards a brook, which rippled irregularly along—now rapid and shallow, now deep and still—lined here and there with sedges and straggling alders, that shot aslant from out of the bank, and dipped their twisted branches in the stream. On the right was a large park-like inclosure, separated from the ground on which they stood by a deep fence, with rugged paling on the top of it. On the other side was a range of fields with low fences, and gates wide open, along which the eye followed a fine sweep of woodland, which was terminated in the distance by a long dark line, formed by part of the Brackingsley Belt. On the side of the cover, opposite to the place where they were stationed, was a gate and road, which led through the wood to the other side, and which would enable them to see something of the sport, in whichever direction the hounds might go.

Courtenay was near Caroline, thinking, even at such a time, more of her than of the sport. And yet he was, under ordinary circumstances, a keen sportsman. Need we say, after this, how deeply he was in love?

Sir Thomas Jermyn was near them, and was looking earnestly at some of the sportsmen in the centre of the cover, who seemed to be tugging at a bridle gate, as if they wished to take it off the hinges.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed he, "they'll pull it down! it is locked—see there—there is carelessness! I'm obliged to look to everything myself. It ought to have been opened as well as the rest—stop—stop," (he shouted), "you shall have a key"—(feeling for one in his pocket) —"ah—there's a ditch between us—I can't get to them—where is John?" looking around for the groom, who had lagged a little way behind.

"Let me take it to them," said Courtenay; and receiving the key, he leaped the ditch, and

arrived in time to save the gate from demolition. Sir Thomas then trotted off to speak to a person whom he saw in the next field, and Caroline offered to follow him.

"You had better stay where you are," said he, "you cannot be better situated, and I shall come back to you directly."

He had scarcely turned his horse's head, when Charlecote joined Caroline. "Well Miss Jermyn!" said she, "how do you like it? Capital day for the purpose, isn't it? Rather tiresome, waiting so long—but never mind—we shall find soon. Capital situation this—a good place to get away from—it is a horrid nuisance to be in a place where you cannot get away. It was my case at Baddestone yesterday. There was a high park paling on one side, and a great wide hedge on the other—a terrible ugly place, I assure you—half the field were *craning* at it. I'm not one that is stopped by a trifle; but you know there *are* things that one cannot take.

I never was so puzzled in all my life. But here it is quite a different thing. That brook is fordable, I'm sure; and there's a very easy fence to the left, and a nice short cut right through the cover, in case they go away on the other side." At this instant a cry was heard from the hounds in the cover—then came a shout—then a horn was sounded, and at the same moment every horse in the adjoining fields was in motion.

"Pug's off, by Jove!" cried Charlecote, and clapping spurs to his horse, he dashed down the road that leads to the other side of the cover. At the same time many a scarlet coat was seen in swift progress through the wood; and there was a general rush from the fields on the left towards the gate near which Caroline was stationed, and the quick trampling of the numerous hoofs thundered furiously upon the springy turf.

The horse from which the groom had dismounted plunged, threw up its heels, and ran back to the full extent of its rein, at which it pulled so violently as to draw off all the atten-

tion of the servant, who was just then beginning to fasten the curb of Caroline's bridle. Her horse, though naturally a quiet animal, now began to exhibit strong symptoms of restiveness. He sidled, pawed, tried to advance as each successive sportsman galloped by, and at last, upon a man in red (one of the whippers in) coming near, at a quick pace, cracking as he went a long lashed whip, the animal after a furious plunge, finding that the bit in its present state was unequal to restrain it, set off at full speed down the slope towards the brook.

The groom in vain attempted to remount his horse, which still pranced and curvetted, and used every effort to escape, while Sir Thomas, who saw his daughter's danger from an adjoining field, laboured uselessly to urge his poney to a speed that might enable him to overtake her.

Meanwhile Courtenay, having assisted in opening the bridle gate, recognized among those who were anxious to get through, an old college acquaintance, whom, from some accident

or other he had not yet seen among the assemblage. He therefore passed with him to the other side of the wood, and stood for several minutes in conversation, when they heard the horn, and presently saw hounds and huntsmen emerge from the cover, and sweep along in front of them. They were instantly wrapt in the high-wrought interest which the scene excited, and they dashed forward with all the glorious enthusiasm of fox-hunters.

They rapidly turned the corner of the wood, and entered the large park-like field which adjoined that wherein we have left Caroline. Even in the first heat of pursuit, Courtenay could not help turning his eyes towards the place where he knew she would be seen.

He did see her, and in what a situation! Her horse was galloping furiously towards the brook, and she leaning back, apparently exerting all her strength in a vain endeavour to check it. No one was near to assist her; and Courtenay fancied that his ear caught a

cry for help. He saw at once all the danger of her situation, and to fly to her succour was with him, the result of impulse rather than of thought.

A difficult fence, composed of ragged irregular piles and a wide ditch, lay between them. He spurred his horse resolutely at it, and the animal being a powerful hunter, and now quite fresh, cleared it gallantly. He heard some exclamations of surprise at the feat and the direction in which he was going, from voices behind him, one of which was that of Charlecote; but he paid no attention to them, and urged his horse forward with furious speed in the direction which Caroline's had taken.

Courtenay saw the terrified animal which bore her, without slackening its pace, reach the edge of the brook, plunge in, and disappear beneath the high bank. He uttered an exclamation of horror, and spurred and lashed his horse more furiously still, and strained his eyes to look after her.

He saw the animal in a few seconds mount the opposite bank without its rider, and gallop off along the meadow. In another moment, he was at the brook side, had thrown himself from the saddle, and was looking earnestly into the stream below. He caught a glimpse of her blue riding dress floating on the surface of the water—loosed his bridle—and plunged in.

There was at this place a deep hole, caused by the eddy of the stream, and Courtenay immediately found himself out of his depth. However, with prompt activity seizing by one hand a large root which projected from the bank, he supported himself with this, while with the other hand he grasped Caroline, whose clothes, heavy with water, had drawn her down below the surface. He obtained a footing against the side, and availing himself of this, and whatever presented itself to his grasp, by a vigorous exertion of his strength he raised himself upon the bank,—drawing after him the apparently lifeless form of Caroline.

She was insensible,—partly through terror, partly from the effects of her emersion, and the suspended animation which it had temporarily produced. Her hat and cap were lost, and her beautiful hair hung in long dripping threads down her neck and shoulders. Her face was pale, and her eyes were closed; yet, even then Courtenay could not but gaze on her with admiration, as kneeling on the turf beside her, he supported with his arm that drooping head, and thought with a glow of inward rapture, of the service he had afforded to such a being.

Sir Thomas Jermyn and the groom now came up, and Courtenay committed his interesting charge to the arms of her father. The agony of the Baronet had been extreme; and the doubtful appearance of his daughter's state hardly yet allowed it to subside. He pressed her in his arms, and continued earnestly gazing at her pale face, and uttering low moaning sounds of lamentation, interrupted occasionally

by fervent cries of "thank God it is no worse," and broken expressions of thanks to Courtenay.

"But what must we do with the poor dear child?" said he at length—"we must not stay here with her."

Courtenay mentioned the barouche; "Oh, ay, true," said Sir Thomas, "the barouche—where is it?"

The servant was immediately sent for it.

"But do not alarm Lady Jermyn," added Courtenay; merely say that Miss Jermyn has been in the brook, and is quite wet, and wants to return in the carriage."

"Oh, look! look!" exclaimed Sir Thomas delightedly, "her colour is returning—I cannot tell you my obligations—I shall always feel them—you have saved her life."

"See!" exclaimed Courtenay, "thank God! she opens her eyes."

She did so, and turned them at the same time with a grateful expression upon him. The

first words she heard distinctly, in returning consciousness, were her father's thanks to Courtenay, coupled with the information that to him she owed her deliverance. Her first look was a faint smile, to re-assure her anxious father, who on seeing these unequivocal symptoms of revival, fervently kissed her pale cold cheek, and ejaculated many a warm expression of grateful joy.

Courtenay now looked up in quest of the barouche. "I see it coming," said he, joyfully, "but I think it cannot drive down to the brook-side; we must take Miss Jermyn to the top of the field."

"Are they within sight," said Caroline to her father; "pray raise me up—my mother will be alarmed if she sees me resting on your knee—there—thank you—with help I think I can walk—no, I am still weak—oh, it all seems like a dream! How did I get into the water? I think I recollect—my head grows clearer—Oh! Mr. Courtenay, how much I am indebted to you!'

Courtenay felt himself amply, richly rewarded by these words, and the soft sweet smile which accompanied them. His mind was too full to allow him to say anything in return. Before they reached the carriage they were met by Lady Jermyn and the Miss Cliftons, who seeing that something serious had occurred, ran pale and breathless towards them. Lady Jermyn was much affected by her daughter's appearance, and shuddered at the frightful retrospect of the danger from which she had so narrowly escaped. She cried, and smiled, and cried again, and pressed her daughter's hands, and kissed her cheeks, and asked her how it happened; and then, without waiting for an answer, went on exclaiming, and heartily rejoicing that the worst was past.

Caroline could give but little information of the way in which the accident had occurred. The shock had driven it from her mind. She rather wanted information herself; and as Lady Jermyn urgently appealed to the rest of the

party, she had soon an opportunity of learning, from the joint testimony of Sir Thomas Jermyn, Courtenay, and the groom, how the event took place, and how the deliverance was effected. Lady Jermyn was profuse in well-merited thanks to Courtenay, in which Caroline could not but concur; and though she said little, yet at such a moment she could not conceal from him that she felt much. She was lifted into the barouche; and the whole party returned home, all busy with thoughts of their own, and with no slight wonder at this unexpected and critical termination of a morning which had commenced so gaily.

Courtenay was soon assailed with praises from every quarter, for his gallant exertions in Caroline's behalf. The ladies were astonished at his boldness in venturing, "accoutred as he was," into a brook out of his depth; the gentlemen dwelt upon the perils of his leap.

"Upon my word, Mr. Courtenay," said Lord Daventry, in his somewhat pompous manner,

" you took a leap this morning which I should have been very sorry to have taken even in the best of my hunting days, though I used to be rather a hard rider. I remember about the year ninety, when Lord Westbury hunted the —— shire country, riding over Sir Godfrey Davison's park paling. Poor Davison! he was a very good sportsman too. There were many of us at that time who rode hard and well. It is a fascinating pursuit, Mr. Courtenay; you are a young man, and likely to follow it with ardour. Let me warn you against its excess. I found that it engrossed me too much, and I made a point of withdrawing myself from it—I found that I could not conscientiously remain a fox-hunter—it was incompatible with my other avocations;" and so saying, his Lordship took a pinch of snuff, and walked away full of the satisfaction with which a great mind looks back upon a former sacrifice of pleasure to duty.

Mr. Duncan now put in his compliment. " Courtenay," said he, " you are the very mir-

ror of modern chivalry—you may let your spirit of enterprise lie fallow for the next half year—you have immortalized yourself by the deeds of one half minute. I was in the field you quitted so daringly. Excuse me for having at the time thought you mad. I did not then see the all-sufficient cause for such an experiment—for an experiment it really was."

"Oh, it was no such great thing," said Courtenay, laughing. "My horse was fresh—I knew he would do it."

Clifton and Charlecote now came in, well splashed from their run.

"Egad! Courtenay," said Charlecote, "you did the thing in proper style,—and a devilish ugly place it was. Gad! you gathered him up, and crammed him at it! There was no denial—go he must. You remembered old Toby's rules for leaping. 'Keep his head straight, and go over,' says Toby. You know old Toby—Tennyson's Toby—as good a huntsman as ever crossed a horse. But why did not you follow

us? It is a thousand pities (isn't it, Clifton?) that Courtenay did not follow us. We had a real good day, I promise you. You saw what a pretty burst we had. Well, Sir—Pug went straight away for Westwood Gorse—and a steady hard run we had of it—not a single check, and a burning scent, and all of us fresh as two year olds. It was as good a part of the day as any. But when we got to the gorse we lost him,—and we lost time too, which was quite as bad—drawing, and drawing, and all to no purpose. So then we went to Campley Wood, and before the hounds were half through it, (I was on the outside)—Gad, Sir! out there came a big old fox—so we laid them on—and away like fun by Claverton Grange, and over the hill above Baddesley Pool, and down again by Nether Twycross—and then we came to a sort of check—and once we thought we had fairly lost him; but old Cutty made a cast—a devilish good one; and again we were on him—and away across the grass fields by Crawford. Gad! you should have seen

us then! We all streamed down in rank—no choosing, or gap-hunting—every man took his fence as it lay before him—and away we went like devils over the new enclosures on Penderton Edge. Gad! Sir, did'nt we go the *pace*! The *pace* kills—nothing like *going it*. Ah! you should have been with us then. But we had not much of that—for then he took us across the low grounds by Muddyford and Sludgeley Bottom—stiff, heavy country—infernal bad going—up to the shoulders pretty nearly—most of the horses were dead beat before they came out of it. Well, then we got upon Dartington higher level, and the Badsworth country—ugly work, so late in the day—but no matter, nothing stopped us. Didn't we charge them! ox fences, double fences, and all, my boy! You should only have seen us—that's all! Well, Sir! here we gained upon pug, and within half a mile of Dingley Coppice, we viewed him, Sir—we viewed him—beat—quite beat—I knew he was—I said he was—fifty to one, says I, he does not reach the wood.

No more he did.. On we went—and in two minutes more ran into him, in the middle of a grass field. Who-hoop! glorious, by Jove! Have not seen a better thing this twelvemonth. There was nobody in but I, Jack Hanmer, old Cutty, Floxton, Dick Derby, and Cutty's Ned. You should only have seen the fellows behind, scattered by two or three in a field, over the country for the last two miles. Oh, it was a regular hard run. That second fox was such a tough one! Look here—I've brought away one of his *holders*;" and so saying, he pulled a tooth out of his waistcoat pocket. "An old stager, was'nt he? By the bye, I'll tell you a good thing of old Cutty. George Johnson, (he had been riding *at* me—*going it*, like smoke) well, he got a regular fall, horse and all, down together, neck and crop, in a deep, dry ditch. Johnson was for scrambling out. Old Cutty was just behind. 'Lie still you fool!' says Cutty. 'Damn you, lie still, till I get over.' So Johnson lay down in the ditch, frightened out of his life, and

old Cutty leaped clean over him. Oh, Lord! you should have been with us. However, you were well employed where you were, I confess; and lent a hand to some purpose. Oh, there is Lady Jermyn—I must go and do the civil thing, and ask her how Miss Jermyn does," and so saying, he walked away into the next room.

CHAP. XII.

Obligation! why a water spaniel would have done as much. Well! I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim.

THE RIVALS.

CAROLINE soon recovered from the effects of her accident; and after a day or two she made her re-appearance. She felt a little oppressed by the attention which her situation had excited, and the eager solicitude with which she was greeted, and would fain have withdrawn herself longer from the general gaze. But in this unnecessary seclusion there would have been a little duplicity, and an apparent coquettish manœuvering to excite an interest, from which the propriety of her feelings recoiled. Perhaps also she was some-

what unwilling on another account to make more of the incident than was necessary. She was grateful to Courtenay—very grateful; and she repeated it to herself a thousand times. But yet she felt no disposition to increase the sense of this obligation either in herself or others, by any act which she could avoid.

In truth she was mortified at the turn which the late event had taken, and had rather have been assisted by any but Courtenay. Yet she felt that his services had given him so powerful a claim to her gratitude and esteem, that a proposal, supported as it would doubtless be by the approbation of her parents, could hardly with propriety be rejected. She could not doubt that real affection had urged him to such prompt assistance; but she determined, if possible, not to evince a consciousness that he had exerted himself for her in a greater degree than he would in behalf of any other female, and resolved that the firm unshrinking tone of her gratitude, while it acquitted her of unkindness, should

make him sensible that it was not mingled with the sensitive timidity of love.

Thus reasoned Caroline, and she tried to shape her course accordingly. But in assuming an air of mere gratitude, and endeavouring to put upon his behaviour the construction which she wished to adopt in imagination, she found herself foiled by the significant manner and conscious looks of all around her. It was plain that Courtenay's devotion to her had become manifest to all the house; and that this last act was merely regarded as a more direct practical avowal of that which was sufficiently evident before. Even her cousins, the Miss Cliftons, began to exchange looks of much intelligence, and did not banter her about her accident half so freely as she might have expected. They did not talk a tenth part of the usual nonsense about distressed damsels and valiant knights, and evidently because they thought the case was now too serious for a joke. Nay, what was worse

than all, she began to perceive that most of the company now spoke of Courtenay in her presence, in that sort of bridled, guarded manner in which one comments on an absent person before a very near relation.

All this was exceedingly provoking. What was Courtenay to her?—a friend, a deliverer—not the master of her heart; and she earnestly longed to tell them so. This behaviour, on the part of her father's visitors, not only discomposed her plan of conduct, but impressed her more strongly with the difficulty of giving Courtenay an absolute rejection, whenever the decided proposal should be made. She could not, she said, positively accept him; but she must not dismiss him without hope—without an assurance that time might exert a beneficial influence in his favour—that she could wish to know him longer and better, before she took an irrevocable step—that her heart could not be hastily won—that he possessed at present her esteem—and that upon some future day he

possibly might gain her love. And such was her final resolution.

And what, meanwhile, were Courtenay's thoughts? In truth they were nearly of as mixed and perplexing a character as those of Caroline. At first he was transported with pleasure, at having been the happy instrument of saving from such imminent peril one whom he so truly loved. He thought, too, with intense delight of the powerful claim upon her affections, which his bold and successful assistance would afford him.

But to these brilliant and flattering prospects succeeded reflections of a more sober character—reflections which induced him to postpone for a while his intention of asking her hand in marriage. There was something that accorded ill with his nice and honourable feelings, in the idea of thus hastily presuming upon a service which chance alone had afforded him the means of performing. Pride also whispered, that it was not to an act of such a kind,

however signal and meritorious, that he would willingly owe the possession of her hand. If he was accepted, he would that it were for merits of a more certain description—for instances of daily worth, and not for the dazzling exploits of a hasty moment; not for a service which a mere stranger might equally have rendered. He could not wish that the woman he loved should be entrapped into liking him, by the mere fortunate termination of a fortuitous event; or be induced to commit the dangerous error of thinking that to be love, which after all was merely gratitude.

"No," said he, "let my late services be forgotten. It had been better had they never been required. Then I could not have undergone the danger of seeing the affections of my chosen bride rest on a circumstance, the remembrance of which must ever, as we live, grow more and more faint, and with it the delusive love which it seemed to cherish. My vanity shall not mis-

lead me; I will at least observe her closely; I will see how my services are appreciated; I will mark attentively the tone—the manner with which she expresses her thanks. I shall be able to distinguish the unembarrassed air of mere gratitude, from the hesitating acknowledgments of growing love."

This was very well in theory; but the practice was not so easy. He experienced the same difficulties that had occurred to Caroline, though he was less sensible of their existence. He quickly discovered that all the circle had tacitly set them down as lovers. He saw, too, that Caroline perceived it; and thought that she seemed to acquiesce in the propriety of the opinion. Then, the expression of her gratitude had, in spite of her endeavours, a downcast diffidence, a certain air of timid tenderness, which gave it an inexpressible charm to Courtenay, and made his heart beat high with hope. His scruples melted fast away. He could not think that mere cold

gratitude had given birth to that sweet confusion which he gladly traced to a warmer sentiment. In a word, he felt that she must be his; and with a bounding spirit he decided that, ere long—nay, if possible, on that very day—the die should be cast.

Caroline had been out that day, riding with others of their party, and Courtenay among the rest; and on her return, he found himself alone with her in the saloon. She looked even more than usually attractive. A fresh colour, heightened by exercise, bloomed in her cheek, and her countenance was gay and animated.

"I am pleased with myself," said she, half laughing as she spoke, "for having ridden to-day. It is better to make the effort soon. One gains nothing by delay; indeed I think one's timidity only increases, and settles by time into habit. Pray, praise me a little for my courage; I am very desirous to be commended for that;—I suppose, because I am sensible of a great want

of it. I pride myself most on having passed by the very scene of my disaster—disaster indeed, I should hardly call it, since it terminated so well, —thanks to your kind and prompt assistance."

"Indeed," said Courtenay, "you look so well at this moment, and seem to have suffered so little from it, that I am almost selfish enough to wish you would fall into a brook every day, that I might have the happiness of saving you. You are smiling at that. Don't you think it would really be a happiness?"

Caroline felt a little perplexity, which she tried to carry off with a laugh. "I was only thinking," said she, "that you are fortunate in having discovered a mode of happiness which nobody will ever wish to dispute with you."

"I am not very sure of that," said Courtenay; "but if it is so, I can only say that I am obliged to the world for their blindness. But it would not make me quite happy; I should merely regard it as a passport. No—I should

look much farther. I believe," he added, with a smile of much meaning, "you hardly yet know all that is necessary to my happiness."

"I dare say not," said she, in a tone that laboured hard to be indifferent; and turning her head, she walked to the window, where she endeavoured to occupy herself in examining the green-house plants that stood on a flower-stand.

Courtenay followed, and remained for a moment regarding her in silence,—too much absorbed in admiration to think of resuming his address. The pause, however, boded something of less doubtful import, and was more awful to Caroline's feelings than any form of words in which he could have clothed his meaning. With nervous trepidation, wishing to be employed, she knew not how, she had broken off a geranium flower, and was trying to fix it in the button-hole of her riding-habit. The stalk broke, and it fell to the ground;

Courtenay hastily picked it up; she thanked him, and held out her hand to receive it.

"Do not ask me to return it," said he, with an expressive smile, and put it into the breast of his waistcoat. Caroline blushed at the obvious air of gallantry with which this trifling act was accompanied, and trying to pass it off with a hurried laugh, she gathered another flower.

"I shall deny your taste as a florist," said she, "if you keep that broken thing. If you want a flower, here is a better—take this,"—and she extended it towards him.

Courtenay eagerly seized her hand, with a glow of pleasure on his countenance.—"Any gift from you is precious," said he, his eyes sparkling as he spoke. "Oh, if I might but keep this hand that gives it to me!"

Caroline coloured deeply, and struggled to withdraw the hand that Courtenay held clasped between his own.

"Must I let it go?" said he, in a tone of tender entreaty. "Oh, no, no, I must—must keep it. If you will not utter a kind yes, one little look shall say it for you; I will understand the lightest token."

Caroline turned away her head. "Nay, Mr. Courtenay, I could wish to have avoided this," she said in a tone of vexation, while Courtenay still stood detaining her hand, with his glistening eyes intently fixed on her countenance.

She had no time for more words, for at that instant the door was opened, and Charlecote burst into the room, laughing as he entered, and asked her to be umpire in a game at billiards, cue against mace, between himself and Miss Clifton.

Caroline was glad of an excuse to break off the conference, and hastened to the billiard-room—leaving Courtenay somewhat disappointed at the abrupt termination of so interesting an interview, but consoled with the reflection

that an opening had been made for the introduction of a more formal declaration, and satisfied with her qualified admission of his addresses.

CHAP. XIII.

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.—MACBETH.

NEXT morning the whole party were re-assembled at the breakfast-table. The welcome post arrived as usual, and letters and papers were soon seen picturesquely interspersed among cups, plates, egg-stands, and toast-racks. Some were reading letters; others glancing at newspapers, between the acts of coffee and rolls; some talking; some few eating; all variously employed; while Lady Jermyn, under the august shadow of a lofty silver urn,—which, with a most musical simmer, sent up a high wreathing column of

steam—sat presiding, with a happy well-tempered air of dignity, over two large teapots, and dispensed an even-handed justice to the rival factions of green and bohea.

Courtenay was looking rather unhappy, for he had failed in securing a seat by Caroline. However, as he sat nearly opposite, he consoled himself with the pleasure of looking at her, and thinking over the tender things he meant to say before that day was past.

Much light conversation, of one kind or another, was passing around.

"There—you political person!" said Lady Harriet, holding up a letter to her husband, who sat perusing the newspaper on the other side of the table, "take this, and read it, and dismiss the cares of the nation, and think of your wife's for half a moment. Oh, how I hate all politics!" said she, directing her observation to the rest of the company. "Begging the gentlemen's pardons, I don't think it improves them at all. It makes them so business-like and

wiggy. As for us women, it really ruins us completely. Don't you think so, my dear?" appealing to Miss Clifton.

"I agree with you entirely," said the latter, "and I know several instances of its bad effects. There, our good friend Lady Highbury: what a charming woman she is, till she begins to rave about politics—and devoutly wishes the nation had no debt—and wonders how high the funds would be then—and talks so feelingly of that unhappy country, Ireland—and wishes Ministers would compel the cotters to build chimneys, and give up potatoes. Do you know what made her such a violent Anti-Catholic? She was disappointed at Rome—ill used, she says, about a front place at one of the ceremonies in the Holy Week! Fortunately she is a tory. That side suits our sex the best. We ought to stand up for power and prerogative. I cannot abide a female democrat. It is shocking to hear ladies raving about liberty, like Lady Crosstown. But she is a radical, which is ten times worse.

A few years ago, when Hunt was in his glory, she sent him a card for one of her parties. I believe he did not go, but the fact of the invitation is unquestionable. I had it from excellent authority."

"Oh, Eliza, you scandalous girl!" exclaimed Anne. "I won't believe it. I am very fond of Lady Crosstown—she is such a dear odd creature!"

"It is really a fact," pursued Miss Clifton; "and you know the illness she had last spring—solely produced, I assure you, by sitting three successive nights in the roof of the House of Commons. One night was enough for me. By the bye what did we go to hear?" appealing to her mother, who having forgotten, passed on the question to Lord Daventry.

"You ought to know better than me," said his Lordship, "but if I remember right, it was the debate on the second reading of the Marriage-Act Amendment Bill."

"I think," added Sir Thomas Jermyn, "I

can recal it to your memory. I said a few words on that question myself. I am sure you will recollect it now. I do not know whether you happened to read the debates afterwards, but they misrepresented me in the paper shamefully. If you remember, my speech was a short one—I hate to engross the time of the House as some people do. Such being the case, there was the less excuse for a false report. But when I came to look at the papers, egad, Sir!" (turning to Mr. Duncan) "they had put down—what were the words?—oh—'Sir T. Jermyn supported the motion. The honourable baronet fully concurred in the sentiments of the last speaker.' Now, Sir, I did *not* fully concur in the sentiments of the last speaker. No, Sir, I had my own view of the subject, as I always have, and like to have, and think that every honest and independent member ought to have. I differed from the last speaker in many respects; and yet these fellows have the assurance to tell the world that I fully concurred in his sentiments.

I think this sort of misrepresentation amounts to a breach of privilege. I had a good mind to have called the attention of the House to it. That step has been taken in cases which have been scarcely of greater importance."

"Public characters," said Mr. Duncan, "are continually exposed to these misrepresentations. It is the price they pay for notoriety."

"Very true," replied the Baronet, swallowing the ironical compliment with greater gravity than could have been hoped. "But in fact," he added, "the reporting department is miserably defective."

"The only thing I complain of," said Lady Harriet, "is their putting in debates at all. I mean indiscriminately into every paper. There is really not one that a lady can take up. As Sterne says, 'they manage these things much better in France.' There they have their Journal des Debats, des Affiches, des Spectacles—in short, if you know what you want, you may know where to find it. But here they are all

political. Hence arises the evil we were speaking of. This is the true origin of your Lady Highburys and Lady Crosstowns. I wish there were some journal expressly calculated for female readers. I should really like, if it were possible, to set something of that kind on foot. Don't you think it would succeed?"

"I am afraid," said Miss Clifton, "we are too well satisfied with the present order of things. I am sure I myself know several ladies who never read anything but newspapers. There is old Mrs. Printley reads the Morning Post through every day — quite through—every advertisement—stamp-mark and all. It exactly occupies her time from the breakfast hour till three o'clock."

"I think I shall follow her example," said Caroline, taking up a Morning Post which had hitherto lain disregarded.

"Courageous girl!" said Anne Clifton, "to dare to follow the example of a lady who is old enough to be your grandmother. Now, Lady Harriet, look at Caroline, and tell me if you

don't think a newspaper is an unsightly thing in a lady's hand:—it makes even her look quite old-womanly."

"Shocking! shocking!" said Lady Harriet; "it looks as ill as a man with a muff."

"Well," said Anne, "I think I can safely say, that the united reading of the whole female part of the house of Daventry does not comprise more than Deaths and Marriages, and the Fashionable Changes. We never look at anything else—we abstain upon principle."

"You deserve high praise," said Mr. Duncan. "It argues no inconsiderable firmness, to resist the perusal of those touching appeals 'To the British Fair,' and to leave unread an advertisement headed with 'Personal Beauty,' in large letters."

"Oh, yes," said Anne, "you fully appreciate our self-denial. But do look at Caroline—how intent she is! How are the funds, my dear? Pretty politician! She does not hear me. 'Pretty Polly, say;'" and she began to hum the air of the song; then suddenly stopping,

exclaimed, "I don't understand—she turns quite pale."

"Are you ill, my love?" said Lady Jermyn.

Every eye at table was by this time turned upon Caroline. Well might they observe her, for an alarming paleness had spread over her countenance, which was agitated by a strong expression of horror. She dropped the paper, clasped her hands, and raised them with a shudder to her face; and, "Oh! he will die!" burst tremulously from her lips.

"Die! who?" was uttered by every one in company.

Mr. Duncan, who was sitting next to her, glanced at the paper which lay before her on the table, and immediately his countenance also assumed an aspect of emotion; while, snatching it up, he exclaimed, "Good God! my young friend, Granby!"

"Granby!" cried Courtenay, with unfeigned anxiety, stopping with surprise, while in the act of pouring out a glass of water for Caroline:—

and his exclamation was echoed by most who were present.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Duncan, who read the following paragraph:—"We regret to state, that Lord Malton lies dangerously ill at the Clarendon Hotel. His Lordship's illness is supposed to have originated in the distressing event to which we alluded a few days back, and of the truth of which there is no longer the smallest doubt."

Meanwhile, mysterious looks passed round the table, and various restoratives were offered to Caroline, who, too much agitated to reply to the attentions of her friends, burst into tears, rose hastily, and, supported by her mother, left the room.

A blank silence followed her departure; each looking eagerly in turn at the eventful paragraph, and seeming too full of grief, or wonder, to express their thoughts aloud. At length, after a few half-whispered observations, scarcely addressed to any one,—"Great surprise of Miss

Jermyn,"—"Could not be merely that,"—"Looked ill before,"—and, "I'm sure it was the fire," several times repeated by Lady Daventry,—Lady Jermyn re-appeared, and with a cheerful air assured the anxious enquirers that her daughter was much better.

"Poor thing!" said she, "it was the suddenness of the intelligence. She has been very nervous since her accident. You would not perceive it; but I know her well. I am not surprised at her being so overset by unexpectedly seeing this account of the dangerous illness of one she knew so well. You are aware," she added, looking by turns at Courtenay, Mr. Duncan, and Lady Harriet, "you are aware that Lord Malton is a cousin of her's. They used as children to be well acquainted—quite intimate—constant playfellows. He was a nice boy—Henry Granby as he was then—a very nice boy. He was often with us, but we have not seen much of him lately."

As she concluded these remarks, she cast a

short side-glance at Courtenay, to see how they were received by him. His countenance was grave and thoughtful, and his abstracted air rendered it doubtful whether he had heard her words. She was disappointed and perplexed, and knew not to what cause she might attribute his seriousness. Was it grief for his friend? or was he ruminating on her daughter's behaviour in the past scene?

Both these causes had contributed their influence to produce the serious air of Courtenay. He was much attached to Granby, and felt much pain at the idea of his danger; but this thought did not predominate at that instant. He was revolving in his mind the great and unusual grief exhibited by Caroline on this occasion. Her agonized exclamation, "Oh! he will die!" still rang in his ears. Was Granby then indeed so dear to her? or was it possible that she could be thus affected, in regarding the possible danger of a mere acquaintance? Cousins! —Playfellows when children! What was there

in this that should adequately account for a sorrow so poignant? The relationship at least was so distant, that he was scarcely sensible of its existence. Former intimacy was more to the purpose. This accounted for a fact, of which, when he had once seized the clue, he rapidly supplied fresh proofs, and pressed onward to conviction. Each beaming, animating smile with which Caroline had ever listened to his praises of Granby, now rose distinctly to his view. And was their affection mutual? Yes—there were also points in Granby's conduct which he had not hitherto understood, which this supposition would explain at once.

Courtenay was now even inclined to wonder that he should have been so blind as not to have made this discovery sooner. And bitterly did he now regret it. He might have saved himself much pain—much of that unavailing regret which he now must necessarily endure.

Another question then arose, whether the parents were sensible of the attachment subsisting

between their daughter and Henry Granby. If so, he felt that they had used him ill in allowing—nay, encouraging him to attach himself to one who they well knew could not return his affection. He thought they could not have been wholly ignorant; and there was a hurried consciousness in Lady Jermyn's manner, which strongly excited his suspicion.

This was a point he wished to fathom; and with this view, as she passed from the breakfast room to the library, he followed her; and prefacing with a repetition of his inquiry after Caroline's health, and hopes that she would soon recover, he added, with a marked significance of tone,—"Miss Jermyn was more affected by this account than I was prepared to expect. I did not even know that she had much acquaintance with my friend Granby."

"Dear! didn't you? Oh, yes, that is—she *used* to know him very well; and then, poor girl! her spirits are tender. I am not surprised at her being affected by the report. And then,

poor Henry Granby!—Lord Malton, I should say—he is such a delightful person—everybody that knows him must be grieved, I am sure, at his danger."

"Nobody was so much distressed as Miss Jermyn," said Courtenay.

Lady Jermyn looked uneasy at the remark.

"True, very true," was her reply; "but some people shew it more than others; and then, you know, she saw the account first."

Courtenay could not think that this made any difference; and the sophistry of the remark, only confirmed him in his suspicion of the shuffling policy of Lady Jermyn. He made no reply, but walked away a few paces, knit his brows, and passed his hand across his eyes as if an anxious thought was struggling in his mind. Then returning, he said in a low voice, with an agitated manner, "I am sorry, Lady Jermyn, I cannot protract my visit even for a single day. I am under deep obligations to my friend Lord Malton, and I cannot hear of

his great danger, alone too, probably amongst strangers, and under circumstances of a distressing nature, without wishing to render him every assistance in my power. I wish to be with him—I think I ought—his life probably hangs by a thread—I must go and see him instantly, and I propose to set out for London by the earliest conveyance. I must therefore take my leave sooner than I had intended; and I do so with very sincere thanks to yourself and Sir Thomas Jermyn, for the kind welcome that I have received here;" and so saying, he left the room to issue orders for his departure.

CHAP. XIV.

Sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

KING LEAR.

AFTER the astounding intelligence related in the last chapter, Lady Jermyn repaired again to the apartment of her daughter. She found Caroline sitting with her head resting pensively on her hand. The tears that had lately been flowing so fast were now dried, but her eyes were heavy with weeping, and her cheek was still pale and wan.

Lady Jermyn, with a soothing tenderness of manner, sat down by her, took her feverish hand between her own, and gently kissed her

burning forehead. "Poor dear child!" said she, "I feared how it would be; your spirits were sadly shaken by that accident."

"Oh, mamma! it was not that," said Caroline.

"Ay, my love, so you think; but your nerves are not as they ought to be. I am sorry they got the better of you. It was very unfortunate, and may have given people false impressions, which I shall be careful to correct."

"Do not say that," exclaimed Caroline, earnestly; "the time for disguise is past. Let me now be explicit—to you, at any rate. I ought to have been so sooner. But I have been a weak and foolish girl—perhaps I am such now, in loving one, who if he lives (which heaven grant he may) may never think again of me. This may be weak, but I cannot feel it to be wrong. Next to you and my father, I do indeed love *him*, and have long, though I never owned it—I wish I had; though I think you must have suspected it."

"To tell you the truth, my love, I have;

but I kept my suspicions to myself, and waited till you should make the disclosure. I never like to extort a confidence; and I did not wish to put your little heart into a greater flutter than was necessary. Besides, I thought this attachment would die of itself, especially after it had ceased on the other side; where indeed, I am inclined to doubt if it ever existed in a violent degree. Nay, don't shake your little head. I have no very high idea of the constancy of a person who could flirt as he did with other young women."

"I will not think of that," said Caroline, weeping afresh, "and at such a time too—and oh, if any thing should happen to him! It is in vain—I cannot attach myself elsewhere. Do not think me froward in saying, that I have even tried to attach myself to Mr. Courtenay—to reconcile myself to his addresses—but all in vain. And yet, had he proposed to me, I believe I should have accepted him. I felt as if I ought. Thank heaven that I did not—

for I should have sacrificed my happiness. I now feel, that never can I willingly accept any other than—than" (her voice faltering) "him, who perhaps is now no more!" and she covered her face in an agony of tears.

"My dear love!" said Lady Jermyn, twinkling her eyes, to check the drops that were rising in them—for she was moved by the sight of her daughter's distress, and felt, besides, some compunctious visitings, mixed with sorrow for Henry's danger, which made the tenderness of her woman's nature triumph for a while over her worldly feelings. "My dear love, you must not harass yourself in this way. You will be quite ill. You must not think so gloomily of it. They exaggerate things in newspapers. There is really no believing them. We must not make the worst of it. I dare say he is not so *very* ill. But we shall know soon. Mr. Courtenay (you will be surprised to hear it) is going to leave us immediately—going up

to town to see Lord Malton. He sets off to-day."

Caroline's pallid agitated countenance beamed with a passing glow of satisfaction. "It is kindly done," said she; "he deserves my gratitude for this, as much as if he had saved my life again."

"Yes," said Lady Jermyn, "it is very kind indeed; and a great act of self-denial, for I am confident that he is very sorry to leave you."

"I cannot doubt it," said Caroline, "unless I could suppose him to have endeavoured to deceive me with a false show of attachment;—and of that I entirely acquit him. I trust that he has already seen the truth, and attributed my affliction to its real cause. His present step denotes that it is so. He declares at once by this generous act, that he withdraws his pretensions, and leaves me free and unsolicited."

"I am not quite sure of that," said Lady Jermyn, who was not yet willing to resign

Courtenay, while a prospect of a renewal of Lord Malton's addresses continued so uncertain. "I am not quite sure of that. You know, his main object in leaving us is to see his friend. He said he was under great obligations to him; and that he was probably alone, and in extreme danger, and that he ought to go to him. He put it entirely upon that. I am not certain that he has any suspicion of the circumstance to which you were alluding, or has any other motive in going, than anxiety on Lord Malton's account."

While saying this, Lady Jermyn looked enquiringly in her daughter's face. Caroline was silent, and remained for some minutes immersed in thought. At length, speaking in an earnest tone, with evident effort, "I have a request to make," said she: "I wish, before Mr. Courtenay goes, to speak with him alone. Pray do not oppose this wish. It nearly concerns my happiness;" and she looked at her mother with a supplicating air as she spoke.

Lady Jermyn returned no immediate answer, and put on a face of doubt, which at first boded no success to the request. She was balancing the *pros* and *cons*, and reflecting on the probable results of such an interview. Courtenay and Lord Malton were both of them good matches; and she little cared which she had for a son-in-law. But she had great dread of losing both; and she was fearful lest her daughter should innocently dismiss the one before she had secured the other. However, upon consideration she was inclined to think that no positive evil could arise from the proposed interview. Caroline might be won by the persuasive eloquence of Courtenay's manner. Then, leave-taking is a tender occasion, and if lovers ever have soft things to say, they generally contrive to say them then.

Besides, if Caroline should be explicit, might not Courtenay possibly become an intercessor between her and Henry? Might not some auspicious *eclaircissement* arise, which while it

extinguished Courtenay's hopes, and deprived Caroline of the reversionary Barony of Essendon, might tend to fix upon her brow the more exalted coronet of the Viscountcy of Malton?

It was enough. There were fair prospects on either side, and no valid objection to granting the request. She therefore turned to her expecting daughter, and informed her, with a kind smile, that she complied with her desire.

Caroline then repaired, for this agitating meeting, to her mother's morning sitting room, where she was secure against the intrusion of any of their visitors. There she sat in terrible suspense, waiting for the expected coming of Courtenay, and trying to summon that composure which seemed fast waning by delay. Footsteps in the passage without, and a low tap at the door, soon announced his presence. The door was opened and he entered.

His countenance was very grave, and his eye timidly raised to regard her, and quickly dropped as he approached. Courtenay spoke first.

He began in a low tone, by enquiring after her health, and hoping that she had recovered from the effects of the late shock. He then alluded to his sudden departure, and regretted that his visit should be curtailed by so melancholy an event.

"It has, indeed, been a great shock to us all," said he. "Every one who knows Granby so well as we do, must be greatly afflicted at the intelligence of his danger. To you, Miss Jermyn, who are in some degree related, who have known him from childhood, and have a mind that can appreciate his good qualities, the blow must be indeed severe."

He stopped, awaiting her reply; but Caroline spoke not. She made an effort, a feeble ineffectual effort, and half articulated one imperfect word. But her voice faltered—she felt that tears were rising to choak her utterance—and resting her head upon her hand, she leaned in silence on the mantle-piece.

Courtenay observed the fruitless struggle,

and seemed, in his turn, to be labouring under some thought, too agitating for utterance. He hesitated—appeared about to speak—then stopped—then with a visible effort, drawing near her, he said, in a low tone, "Miss Jermyn, I need scarcely tell you of the presumptuous hopes I entertained; you must have been conscious of them, though they have never been explicitly declared. I now offer to resign them, and will try, henceforth, to be to you as the stranger whom you saw but yesterday. I cannot easily misconstrue the cause of your grief for the danger of Lord Malton. Forgive me if I do—but I cannot think that it is mere friendship. It is a feeling which forbids you to accept the hand of any other."

He stopped, and Caroline turned to address him. She felt more confidence. The subject she so much dreaded to approach had been introduced by him. "You have understood my feelings rightly," said she, "and I thank you for the candid manner in which you have alluded

to them. It has been a great relief to me,—it was for this I wished to speak with you; yet, when I came to the point, I knew not how; but you have paved the way for explanation, and I thank you for it. I would not have you go away in ignorance of my sentiments. They have been too long concealed already, and I wished to tell them to you myself, however great the effort, however painful and repugnant. I *have* been sensible of your intentions—you almost told them yesterday; but I have seen them long before, and perhaps I ought to have checked them sooner. I fear you may justly tax me with having treated you disingenuously."

"No," said Courtenay, with great earnestness, "be assured I never shall. I acquit you entirely. If there is any fault, it is mine."

"No—no," said Caroline, "do not accuse yourself. I ought, perhaps, to have acted differently; and yet I scarcely could. Gratitude, Mr. Courtenay, has lately withheld me from

uttering any thing that could give you pain and besides, I knew not how to tell you. I could not assume the fact of your intentions till, you yourself had declared them; but yet I fully intended to have done so;—however violent and strange the measure, I was prepared to take it. This was two months ago, when you were here before. But then came the sudden news of *his* accession to rank and fortune, and *then* I could not act as I had proposed. Had he been poor and humble, I could have owned all. But that time was past, and I never could have uttered it, and should not now, had it not been wrung from me by circumstances—oh!—what circumstances—how terrible! how unexpected!" and she covered her face with her hands.

Courtenay regarded her with strong anxiety and interest. He scarce knew how to address her. He could urge no topic of consolation; for he knew no more than she could know; and had he ventured to whisper sanguine expectations, they would have been contradicted by

the very fact of his sudden departure—a fact which shewed that however favourably he might speak on the subject, he had no slight fears for Henry's safety. Yet he could not resist breathing a hope, "I trust," said he, "that he may recover; I shall be anxious to see him."

"You are very kind," said she; "he is happy in having such a friend. You try to speak cheeringly, and I know you do it with benevolent intentions; but I do not think you feel the hope which you express."

Courtenay made no answer, for her remark was too true to be contradicted. "I must take my leave," said he at length; and then, in a more timid tone, as if fearful lest the question might either agitate or offend—"Is there any message, however simple? any expression? any communication of which I can be the vehicle? I would execute it with pleasure."

"None," said she, "none—no direct message. That must not be. He would not expect it. He might not wish it. If he should

mention me, you may tell him that I am not changed. I am what I was a year ago, when he was last under this roof. But he will not question you about me. He will be too ill. He may not be sensible—but if he should, you may say to him from me—no, no—I cannot—I cannot"—(her voice faltering) "I can frame no message, but you know my sentiments, and will use that knowledge kindly and discreetly."

She stopped, and Courtenay with a low "farewell!" was now moving towards the door. His hand was on the lock, when she turned towards him, and said firmly, "Stay, Mr. Courtenay; you shall not go without receiving my last thanks. You deserve my gratitude, not only for the great exertions to which I owe my life, but for the generosity and delicacy of your present conduct. My esteem and regard are justly your's; more I cannot give."

So saying, she stepped forward, and extended her hand towards him. Courtenay's first impulse was to raise it to his lips; but the action

seemed too much that of a lover—a character which he must now resign ; and therefore checking himself, he pressed it fervently and respectfully, and without hazarding another glance at its owner, turned from her, and left the room.

In another hour he was borne rapidly from the scenes in which he had passed so many hours of dangerous happiness;—leaving the party at Brackingsley in anxious expectation of the result of his friendly pilgrimage.

CHAP XV

Say, and unsay, feign, flatter and abjure.—MILTON.

WE must now return to Henry Granby,—whom, as he is by this time firmly established in his new possessions, we must accustom ourselves to call by the appellation of Lord Malton.

It was about the end of October, when business, which had lately poured in fast upon him, produced the necessity of a journey to town. In his way thither, he had to pass the seat of the Earl of Allerdale, an old friend of his father,—who found former affection strongly re-

vived on hearing of the recent change in the fortunes of the son; and who testified his returning friendship, in pressing entreaties that he would favour him with a visit. Accordingly, as Lord Allerdale's place lay in his route, he stopped there in his way to town.

It was his first entrance into society since his accession to the title, and he felt surprised, and somewhat embarrassed, at the *empressement* with which he was received. He found that he did not know his place half so well as those about him—felt oppressed at the unusual circumstance of being the first person in company —and betrayed some symptoms of hesitation in taking precedence of an elderly baron, who, with the punctilious breeding of the old school, would rather have died upon the spot, than gone out of the room before him.

Among the visitors at Lord Allerdale's, was our old acquaintance Mr. Trebeck. The nature of his last interview with this personage had left an unpleasant impression upon our hero's mind,

which all the ingratiating friendliness and vivacity of Trebeck's present address, could not entirely remove.

Trebeck saw the coldness with which his advances were received, and quickly understood its cause. But he stood too firm in conscious elevation, to be piqued by what he considered the ignorant neglect of so young a candidate for fashionable fame. He was even amused by the novelty of a slight. He thought, it was really too ridiculous, that any one, comparatively so little known, should presume to treat him with coolness; and far from feeling offended, was charitably disposed to soothe the ire of the young peer, and bring him by gentle means to a proper sense of the high claims of his companion. He also meant to exhibit him in the ranks of his disciples.

The case of the Malton succession had excited much attention, and the eyes of the fashionable world were turned with no slight interest upon

Henry. This was a circumstance in his favour, of which nobody could be more sensible than Trebeck; and he thought it would do him no discredit to secure an *elève* who so well deserved to be *taken up*. Besides, he had lately made inquiries respecting the nature of the Tedsworth property, and found that, in addition to an extensive rent-roll, it possessed the advantages of a good house, and the best pheasant covers in the county. It was therefore a place where, should he be so inclined, he might contrive very passably, to spend a week or two in the winter. His course was consequently taken, and Lord Malton was to be won.

It was not easy to withstand the ingenious cajoleries, which, when he chose to be agreeable, Trebeck could so artfully employ. He directed a good deal of his conversation to Henry, and paid a polite attention to all that he said. Then, Trebeck was such an agreeable listener—laughed so precisely in the

right place—and even threw, by his own quick comprehension, a stronger light upon the concealed humour of his companion's remarks.

Dexterously penetrating, at the same time, into the character and feelings of the young Lord, and willing to flatter him, by showing that he was not courting mere rank, he would sometimes, with the most natural air of inadvertence, call him by his surname, and affect to forget that he had arrived at the dignity of a peerage.

By these ingenious artifices, however, Trebeck only so far gained upon his young acquaintance, as to impress him with a stronger sense of his companionable qualities; but by no means to secure in Lord Malton's mind, the smallest additional portion of confidence or esteem.

But there were other objects which also engaged some share of Lord Malton's attention: these were three young ladies, the daughters of Lord Allerdale, to whom, as in civility bound, he directed much of his conversation.

Lord Allerdale had four daughters, co-heiresses,

the eldest of whom was married, and the other three, young and blooming, were bursting forth in all the pride of beauty and fashion, before the eyes of the admiring world. They were all pretty and pleasing, and had lively powers of conversation. With one of these, Lady Emily Manvers, Lord Malton was more particularly pleased; he did not at first know why, till he discovered that she bore in her countenance and expression a considerable resemblance to Caroline Jermyn. This discovery did not abate the pleasure he took in talking to her; and though he could not help feeling that she presented but a weak transcript of the charming original, yet he often thought within himself, that were there no Caroline Jermyn in the world, or were she irrevocably lost to him, Lady Emily was the person to whom he could most easily attach himself.

This young lady appeared to have long known Lord Malton by report, and to be conversant with some parts of his former proceedings, to a

degree for which he could not at first account. She seemed to know that he had been abroad, and where he had been; and was very curious in questioning him about his travels, and recurred again and again to the subject.

At length the reason was explained. The name of Courtenay happened to be mentioned; and her short slight start, quick turn of the head, and passing blush on hearing it, conveyed at once to Lord Malton's comprehension the source of her intelligence, and the object of her interest.

After this discovery, he could not resist attempting to confirm it, by the experiment of mentioning her old companion, to whom, from uneasy feelings of his own, he had hitherto abstained from alluding. The effect was obvious. She evinced a timid pleasure on hearing him spoken of—looking withal a little uneasy; hastily withdrew her eyes from the quick intelligent glance of one of her sisters; and relapsed into

comparative indifference when Henry changed the subject.

To this young lady Trebeck was more than usually lavish of attention, and exerted himself with great apparent success for her entertainment. He was constantly at her side, laughing and talking with much animation; and with this careless pleasantry there was mingled, at times, an insinuating softness, as if he intended, ere long, to present himself in the quality of a suitor.

Lord Malton also thought that Trebeck was uneasy at the attention which he paid her, and wished to draw him off; but of this he judged rather from the probable inferences which such a supposition would suggest, than from any evident indication in Trebeck's manner: for that gentleman was too great a master in the delicate art of concealing his purposes, to render such an intention broadly visible.

If such was his view he certainly adopted an adroit method of effecting it, in striking what he

suspected to be still a tender chord, and in leading Henry to the interesting recollection of Miss Jermyn. He entered upon the subject of this lady with that inimitably careless, picktooth manner, which he could assume to admiration, whenever he was talking of an interesting topic, about which he wished to seem indifferent. He began with a little gentle quizzery of the ladies Manvers, (nobody was then immediately within hearing); and presently observed, after allowing them to be pretty, "I have been struck with a strong likeness between Lady Emily and a Miss Jermyn, a daughter of Sir Thomas Jermyn. I met her last winter at Lady Daventry's, and have seen her once or twice in town. I believe you know Miss Jermyn? Does the resemblance strike you?"

Lord Malton allowed that it did.

"Only," pursued Trebeck, "I think Miss Jermyn has the advantage."

Lord Malton agreed with him more fully than he chose to confess.

"I remember I was pleased with her," said Trebeck. "I was in the same house for about a week. Lord Chesterton was there; and though not a very inflammable person, I thought he was a good deal smitten; more pleased with her than she with him."

Henry felt no slight relief. He had been prepared for a repetition of the same odious tale that had been forced upon him in the cabriolet. "I thought," said he, wishing to satisfy his doubts still farther, "I thought she had encouraged him—trifled with him in some degree. If I remember rightly, you said so."

"I? Did I?" said Trebeck, with an admirable air of innocent surprise. "Oh, ay, true—I remember now, we had some talk once before on this very subject. Trifled? No, I should not say she trifled with him—she did not like him, certainly—I should rather say she laughed at him. I thought her a very pleasing girl, lively and sensible, and natural, and unaffected, and seemed to have no nonsense about her, and not

to be throwing out those lures for admiration that some girls do."

"I am glad to hear you say this," said Henry, his countenance brightening as he spoke. "You give me now a much more favourable impression of her, than you did when you mentioned her before."

"Do I?" said Trebeck, carelessly, "I'm glad to hear it, I am sure—I always speak well of the sex when I can."

"Yes," said Henry, "you now speak of her very differently. Indeed I am not surprised at your change of opinion. She is one who must gain upon acquaintance."

"Very likely," said Trebeck, "but that is not the case in the present instance, for I don't think I have seen her since I met you in town. No, faith! I believe if anything has wrought a change in my mind, it is my knowledge of the state of her expectations. I have a prejudice, perhaps an absurd one, against your overwhelming women of fortune. They carry too much

ballast to float in the stream of my good graces. I have liked this Miss Jermyn a great deal better since I have known that she is not an heiress."

"Not an heiress!" exclaimed Lord Malton.

"No more than I am," replied Trebeck. "She will not inherit a foot of Brackingsley. Did not you know that? I thought you might. However, I believe not many persons do know it. I will tell you how I happened to find it out myself."

He then briefly described the circumstance which led to this discovery. Trebeck had been passing a short time in the summer at the seat of one of those select friends whom he sometimes honoured by making their house his own. It so happened that the party there assembled, were neither sufficiently refined to satisfy his fastidious taste, nor did they display any peculiarities which could contribute to his amusement. He therefore treated them with supreme neglect;

condescended for a short time each day to show how agreeable he could be, if he did but think it worth his while; and for the most part abstracted himself as much as possible from all communication with the rest of the visitors.

Partly with this view, partly through a whimsical love of novelty, he took it into his head to profess a great fondness for fly-fishing—a diversion which he had hardly ever practised in his life before; and rod in hand he spent several mornings in solitary rambles along a trout stream.

While thus engaged he met with a person similarly occupied, in whom his observant eye instantly detected the humourist. This was an elderly man, of quaint address, and singular exterior, yet in whom, with all his outward oddity, there was something that denoted the gentleman. He was habited in a dress admirably calculated for the pursuit in which he was engaged; full of little contrivances for facilitating his sport, but totally unlike any other

that had ever been seen, and of which the only prototype must have existed in the imagination of its owner.

Trebeck, who delighted in odd people, and who was very familiar and conversible with those with whom he had no prospect of ever clashing in society, entered into conversation with the stranger, and with his usual address soon contrived to draw him out, and to conciliate his good opinion.

On his return from his morning's sport, he mentioned to his host, (the Earl of Ambleside) the "character" with whom he had met, and was told that it was a Mr. Nowell, a recluse who lived near, and whose chief amusement was fishing; that he was a man of good family, and moderate independent fortune; that it was believed he was related to the Jermyns; but that very little was known concerning him, since for many years no visitor had been permitted to cross his threshold.

This information was not lost upon Trebeck.

It instantly struck him that this person might be able to furnish him with some information respecting the disposition of the Brackingsley property. He therefore laid a bet that he would induce Mr. Nowell to depart from his rule, and would gain admission within his doors; and with this ostensible purpose he sallied out in search of him. He met him again; talked to him upon the subject of his family,—of the antiquity of which he was not a little proud; and by dint of considerable adroitness, obtained the important information that Sir Thomas Jermyn having no male heirs, the Brackingsley property must, in the event of the Baronet's death, devolve upon him.

Nor did Trebeck's success end here; for with such ingenuity did he humour the peculiarities of his companion, that he was invited to accompany him on his walk homeward, and actually entered the house of the recluse. Mr. Nowell even went so far as to inform Trebeck, that it was his intention to leave the Brackingsley estate,

on his death, to Caroline; and showed him a miniature of her, (whom he had never seen) with her hair at the back, which Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn had sent to him in their daughter's name, with her "best love."

Mr. Nowell had never acknowledged the receipt of the picture; but it is not improbable that the charming countenance which it displayed was nevertheless highly instrumental in effecting this favourable disposition. Trebeck spoke to him of Caroline, assured him that the beauty of the original much exceeded that of the picture, and added numerous encomiums, with more than usual sincerity. His praises too, (which was equally unusual,) were in this instance perfectly disinterested; for judging that Mr. Nowell, from his hale appearance and regular habits, was likely to live full thirty years, he had now resigned all intention of endeavouring to gain the hand of Caroline.

This information made a great impression on Henry; and the result was rather a pleasurable

than a painful feeling. It is pointedly observed, and perhaps truly, by the acute, but cynical and heartless Rochefoucault, that there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not entirely displeasing to us. The truth of this axiom was now exemplified in Lord Malton, though not, perhaps, from any of the causes which its ingenious author had in view. If he was pleased on hearing that Caroline was not the heiress that he had hitherto supposed, it was because it seemed to remove a circumstance which had formerly checked the ardour of his hopes, and had presented her to his eyes as a prize which he sometimes doubted whether, poor as he then was, he ought so eagerly to attempt to gain. Secure in the purity of his own love, he sometimes thought, with a momentary recoil, of the mercenary feelings by which the ungenerous world might think him actuated.

Changed as his present circumstances were, he should still have felt a difficulty in attempting a renewal of his former acquaintance, but for

the discovery which he had just made. Fortune was now to him no object; and should anything intervene of a favourable nature, which might enable him to repeat his addresses, he should feel a genuine satisfaction in evincing to Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn, that the love which they were once inclined to treat with such suspicion and contempt, was still the same—pure and unsullied by any sentiment of a mercenary nature.

CHAP. XVI.

No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking.

KING LEAR.

HENRY did not stay long at Lord Allerdale's. He left it on the day subsequent to the conversation just reported, and proceeded on his road to town, which he entered on the first of November.

Who that has visited London in November would ever wish to visit it in that month again? —that month of suicidal fame, in which, however, we English neither hang nor drown ourselves one whit more than in any other. That

raw, cold month, even in the country, in spite of the pleasures which it offers to the sportsman, conciliates but little of our good opinion. But in London—half-denuded, smoky London—dense in smoke and thin in population—with an atmosphere that you may handle, and scarcely a pair of fashionable lungs to gasp it down—with its ever-sloppy streets, and its draggled, dingy foot-passengers, who tramp along so pinched and woebegone—in London, November is execrable.

To Lord Malton, as he drove into it, London scarcely looked like itself. Oxford-street—gigantic Oxford-street—the main artery in this mighty system of human circulation—looked low and insignificant; and as for its length, you knew nothing about it, for the "vanishing point" was at three hundred yards, and all beyond was thickly shrouded in an impervious veil of dun-coloured haze.

Bond-street—the gay, the noisy, the frequented—the thoroughfare at each end of which should be written up "no thoroughfare"

at certain fashionable hours—Bond-street now looked like what it is—like what we should think it, were we not blinded by name and fashion - an ugly, narrow, crooked street, without half the real pretensions of many others of minor note. How are the mighty fallen! Bond-street, where be your throngs now?—your stanhopes, your cabs, and your coronetted coaches. that were wont to set the pavement in a roar? Not one to mark your own emptiness? Quite crest-fallen. Where be your loungers? (so called, says an erudite Frenchman, from the "lounge" or "lunch" which they eat at the pastry-cooks.) Gone—all gone; far in some favoured wild, snapping their percussion-locks at the terrified tenantry of the brake. And, in place of these ornamental, personages, swinging their "fashionable length of limb" in slow and solemn saunter,—grave, spare, professional men in black, with half gaiters and green umbrellas, patter along with a business-like air; and a few "lean, un-

washed artificers" shuffle about with their hands in their pockets; while perhaps, in the very centre of the flags, struts some aspiring errand-boy, that " in the merry month of May" would have scudded along the edge of the curb-stone.

Lord Malton, on arriving at these sad scenes of past gaiety, established himself in the Clarendon Hotel, and was soon too deeply engaged in the business which called him up to town, to think much of its ineffable dulness. On the second day after his arrival, on returning from his solicitor's in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and in passing through some of the narrow streets in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, his attention was excited by perceiving that he himself appeared to be an object of notice to a person who continued for some time to walk on the parallel side of the street, and shot inquiring glances at him from under a bushy pair of grey eyebrows.

He seemed an elderly man, rather meanly

dressed, who stooped slightly, as if from age. Once he crossed over, as if with the intention of accosting Lord Malton, but instead of that, he merely dropped behind, and Lord Malton thought that he had lost him, and began to smile at his own simplicity, in supposing that a person who happened to be going the same way, and had perhaps contracted a habit of staring, must necessarily be thinking of him. Happening, however, to turn round when he got into Coventry-street, he perceived that the man was still following him at no great distance.

He naturally felt uneasy at being thus dodged by a person whom he had never seen; but being still doubtful whether the pursuit was intentional or accidental, he deviated from his course, and struck up one of the small streets that lead towards Golden-square. After winding awhile through these, he looked round, and seeing no more of his pursuer, he began to smile, and be half angry at his own fancies; and emerging

into Regent-street, he bent his way with alacrity and unconcern towards the Clarendon Hotel,—meditating sometimes, as he walked, upon the wayward tricks of the imagination, and the nervous irritability which disposes us to clothe indifferent circumstances with important meaning.

However, in the midst of these musings, on entering the hotel, and turning to look down Bond-street, at about the distance of a hundred yards he again saw the same figure, apparently directing its attention to him. He started at the sight, and cast an anxious glance at the person who had so strangely haunted him. That person seeing himself observed in turn, immediately looked another way, and crossing over to Clifford-street, disappeared from Henry's view.

This last circumstance confirmed Lord Malton's previous suspicions, and he re-entered his apartment with no slight curiosity, and withal

some portion of uneasiness. He could not dismiss the subject from his mind. The image of the keen-looking old man in the shabby dress, with the bushy grey eyebrows, haunted his imagination as pertinaciously as the original had his person. He followed him even in his dreams: and throughout the livelong night the grim, grey man was still walking after him.

He arose next morning with a less feverish apprehension of the mysterious follower; but still racking his brain to think where he could have seen such a person, where he could have been seen by him, and what was the probable nature of his errand. Perhaps after all it was a mistake on the part of the stranger, and he had confounded his identity with that of some other person; or was doubtful, and had followed him in the hope of having the uncertainty removed; and perhaps on seeing his place of residence those doubts had been dispelled.

With this view of the subject he satisfied his mind, and once more repaired, according to

appointment, to his lawyer's chambers at Lincoln's Inn. No grey man crossed his path in his way thither; and having concluded his business, he returned, viewing as a dream the events of yesterday,—and wondering that so slight a thing should so much have affected him. He could not, however, forbear casting an anxious glance as he turned the corners of the streets in which he had seen his pursuer yesterday.

He got into Long-acre, stopped at his coach-maker's to give an order, and then proceeded on his route, and was still hesitating between brown and yellow pannels, when on crossing St. Martin's Lane, the identical person who had so haunted him the day before again met his astonished eyes. The stranger seemed to give him a keen look of recognition, and pressed closely after him as he walked on.

Lord Malton felt both curious and uneasy, and instinctively quickened his pace, even while he was debating whether he should stop and accost the man, and learn his business at once.

He now got into Lisle-street; and the stranger was at this time walking almost abreast of him on the opposite flags. There seemed to be nobody else in the street at that time; of which the stranger was probably aware; for all at once, after looking back as if to see whether any one was near, he crossed over, came up to Lord Malton, and laid his hand upon his arm.

Lord Malton drew back, and shewed by his manner that he was prepared to resist any act of personal violence.

"Do you expect violence from an old man?" said the stranger, in a hoarse, cracked voice.

"What is your business?" said Lord Malton, sternly.

"You shall know that presently," said the other.

"This is some mistake," said Lord Malton, looking earnestly at the man. "You take me for another person—I am——"

"I know very well who you are," interrupted the other—"Henry Granby, Viscount Malton."

"You do know me, it seems," said Lord Malton, with surprise, "but I cannot conceive by what means—I never spoke to you in my life before."

"Would your Lordship swear that?" said the other.

"I would," replied Lord Malton, eyeing his querist as he spoke.

"Indeed!" replied the other, in a sarcastic tone: "Look at me well, my Lord."

"I have not the slightest knowledge of you," said Lord Malton, "I never saw you in my life till yesterday."

"Enough," said the other, in a different tone, "the disguise, I see, is quite complete."

Lord Malton started at the well known voice; "Good God!" said he, "is it Tyrrel?"

"Hush!" said his companion. "Yes, it is Tyrrel."

The disguise was, indeed, complete; for in addition to the large grey eye-brows, and the silvery locks that peeped from under his old

mis-shapen, greasy hat, he had drawn in his mouth, and puckered his face into wrinkles. He had also given himself an elderly complexion; and this, together with his stoop, and the old fashioned cut of his shabby coat, gave him completely the appearance of a man on the verge of seventy.

"Well," said he, in his former tone of gaiety, which assorted strangely with his present appearance—"Well—what do you think of me? Egad, there is not a harridan in town that can make herself young, so well as I can ape the elder. I flatter myself, too, that I have caught the stooping shambler's carriage to perfection. And as for voices, I have as many at command as Mathews. You knew that I was no bad mimic."

"But, why do you do this?" said Lord Malton, in a tone of wonder; "and where do you reside? I thought you had been abroad."

"I will tell you all; but not in the street. I dare not even be seen talking to you. Follow me, if you would hear more, and keep abode

twenty yards behind me, that we may not appear to belong to each other:" and so saying, he walked on, maintaining the same stooping elderly carriage; and Lord Malton followed him at the cautious distance which he prescribed.

CHAP. XVII.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison tree that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison.

REMORSE.

TYRREL led the way through several close alleys, till he arrived at Windmill-street, a long and narrow street, that runs from Broad-street to the top of the Haymarket. Here he suddenly stopped, and making a sign to Lord Malton to observe him, entered the door of a house, which, like all others in that quarter, was tall, narrow, and dingy.

Lord Malton lost no time in following him, and looking at the number that he might know the house again, he entered, and found himself with Tyrrel in a narrow gloomy passage, which when the door was shut, barely afforded them light sufficient to grope their way up the steep stairs that lay in front.

They scrambled up two flights, when Tyrrel threw open a door, and they entered his apartment. "Here is my den," said he, as he looked round the room with an air half gay, half melancholy.

Its appearance was, indeed, most calculated to inspire the latter feeling. It was small, dark, and comfortless; the windows looked as if they were never cleaned, and as seldom opened; and the paint of the wood work, which had once been white, was now reduced to harmony with the brown pattern of the papered wall. A small dark mahogany table, three ricketty chairs, and a little high-backed, low-sided sofa, composed the whole furniture of this desolate apartment. In the

small grate, under a thick cake of coal, a slight gleam of fire was slumbering, which Tyrrel roused into a feeble blaze, by the aid of a rusty poker. The only attempt at ornament which the room presented, was about a square foot of glass, freckled with imperfect silvering, and cracked diagonally through the middle, which stood in an old gilt frame over the discoloured chimney-piece.

Lord Malton surveyed the scene with sorrow and dismay. Tyrrel read his thoughts in his countenance, and seemed to participate in them. "Yes," said he, "this is my splendour—here I live, and there, in the sty within, I sleep. It is bad enough, but I am satisfied. We gentry accustom ourselves to many fancied indispensables, that we can do very well without."

"But how came you into this situation?" said Lord Malton; "I thought you meant to have gone abroad."

"I did," said Tyrrel, "and heartily wish I

was there now. But I could not go—I dared not. You know one cannot get over without a passport; and I found it was no easy matter to obtain that without detection. Those cursed scoundrels that want to catch me, had got word of my intentions, or else suspected that I should take that step, and lay ready to entrap me at the French Ambassador's office. I went there one day, and there I found that sneaking swindling dog, Labrosse. He did not know me at the first glance, and I did not give him time for more: and then, this disguise, though it serves very well for walking the streets, would not bear the scrutiny that I should be exposed to there. No —I found the plan was hopeless; so here I am. confined in London—the best place in the world for lying *incog.*: though I am as it were in the enemy's camp. But I like it all the better for that. I have a genuine satisfaction in cheating the infernal scoundrels. I pass the thieves at every corner, and laugh in my sleeve at their

blank faces, and fancy I hear them croaking out their sorry curses upon me, for having *levanted* so cleverly."

"Do you then venture," said Henry, "to go where you are likely to meet with your pursuers? Is not this an imprudent exposure of yourself?"

"There is little risk," said Tyrrel. "You can bear witness of the excellence of my disguise. And if they come to speak to me, I can puzzle them more than ever. My old cracked voice would throw them off the scent completely. Yes, I sometimes walk amongst them, and take a peep behind the scenes, and see how the pigeon-trade thrives. I marched the other day into the billiard rooms in ——— street. There was an old acquaintance, playing his worst to encourage a youngster—shamming nervous. Oh, I long to *blow* a few of them!—But it is a sorry subject for *me* to talk upon,—me that—oh! it drives me mad. Fool, fool!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead—"to have wrecked myself, to have

sunk to this vile state, through worse than folly —though wickedness."

Here his voice seemed choked with emotion, and his countenance was frightfully agitated. He hid his face for a few seconds; then raising it and speaking in a calmer tone, "Granby," said he, "shun gambling as you would the plague. I have a right to warn you. No one better knows its pains and pleasures than myself. I have tried them thoroughly; I have drunk the cup from the sparkling froth to the bitter dregs. People tell you that it fascinates. Ay, and so does the rattlesnake. The poor bird, that is drawn within reach of the creature's jaws, is an apt type of the growing gambler; and the vice is scarce less deadly than the reptile. I know its pleasures well. I was a cool, calm, steady player—one who entered into its sober delights; yet I have sat whole anxious hours, even when a run of luck was in my favour, with a burning brain, parched and fevered, waiting in terrible agitation for the change of fortune that must soon

come, and sweep my ill-gotten winnings from me; yes, and envying the loser, the very loser, for having better things in prospect. This was my triumph! these were the glories of *success!* I have given you now the bright side of the picture. Judge from that of the reverse. May you never know the horrid agonies of the losing gamester. I have tried *that* too; and to my cost, or I should not now be sculking here. Oh! that sinking of the soul—that struggle of the spirits—striving, striving in vain, to bear up manfully. And then, the feeling that you must go on, and repair the past, and plunge deeper into the pit; and the growing consciousness that you must sink, sink for ever, or fight your way through by any means—no matter what, fair or foul! But I am wandering, I scarce know where. Madman!" (he muttered) "to dwell on that!—oh, I could envy the damned!"

He rose hastily, with a countenance flushed and distorted with inward agony; and pacing

quickly across the room, threw up the sash, and looked out into the street.

"The room grows hot," said he, in an altered tone, after a short silence—"I wanted air—I could hardly breathe;"—and after leaning out for a few seconds, he turned again from the window, with features more composed. He even strove to throw into them a temporary gleam of gaiety. But the effect was appalling and discordant. His haggard smile was like the crevices in the blackening crest of the once glowing lava, through which you view the fire beneath: it only shewed more plainly the desolation of the inward spirit. But that smile could not last: it passed away, and was quickly succeeded by a more congenial air of gloom.

"I said all this," exclaimed he, "to warn you. I once laboured to instil that hellish passion; and it is fit that I should now undo the horrid work to which the devil prompted me. I uttered many an insidious thing in those days;

but happily the seed fell on ground that refused to nourish such pernicious weeds. But if not for your good, yet for my own satisfaction, I now recall them all. I say again, shun gambling. The drunkard's vice is venial in comparison. Nay, better is it to indulge in the use of that pernicious dram to which I am equally a slave." And he pointed to a bottle of laudanum that stood upon the chimney-piece. "I used to be admired for my coolness. They did not know that the calm was artificial—that it was produced by a remedy more fatal than the fever it tended to allay. Did you ever read 'The Opium Eater?' There you may see its pains and pleasures—and a terrible picture it presents—terrible and true. I have not reached nine thousand drops a day yet—no, nor nine hundred. Perhaps I never may. I shall not increase if I can help it, but I cannot diminish my allowance. It is my bane and antidote in one—perhaps more bane than antidote. But yet I cannot part with it. It is a convenient

drug. It soothes one while one lives; and if one should grow weary of life, one may slip the tether through pure carelessness. It is but to forget to measure—and then—a tremble of the hand—or a casual tilt of the phial, and—eh? staring him wildly in the face. "Come, come—I'll say no more of that—I am growing too sportive in my talk," he added in an appalling tone of merriment, in which despair and mirth were frightfully blended.

"Tyrrel!" said Lord Malton, shuddering as he spoke, "for heaven's sake do not talk so rashly. I trust that no pressure of misfortune will ever tempt you to commit the horrid crime of suicide."

"I have," said Tyrrel, "been already induced, by slighter provocation, to do many a worse thing; and as for this, why do you speak of it as a horrid crime? Come! you forget that it was the Roman's virtue."

"The Heathen's virtue may be the Christian's vice," replied Lord Malton.

"I will not contend that point with you," said Tyrrel, "but I cannot hold it to be a crime. I like to view these subjects dispassionately and philosophically—prejudice apart; to judge the question upon its own merits, and not to follow the mere opinion of the crowd, or the dogmas of a few old writers, who, in former days of ignorance, laid down that such and such a deed was wrong; and so, because they were fond of life themselves, put self-destruction under a *taboo*, as the South-sea Islanders term it. I question if it be a crime. You stare—but I did not mean to shock you—I merely meant to state a proposition. I am of a *speculative* turn," (with a moody smile at the double sense of the expression,) "and like to reason upon things, and reduce them to their first principles. Where can be the crime, I ask, of disengaging ourselves from a state of being in which we are a burden to ourselves, and can no longer contribute to the pleasure or advantage of others?"

"Before I distinctly answer that question,"

said Lord Malton, "I ask in return, who shall know that he has no friends who wish him still to live—to whom his life is an advantage? Is this a fact to be received upon conjecture? Is a step so dreadfully important, so irretrievable, to be taken upon the wayward surmise of a disappointed man, who, angry with himself, wilfully thinks that there remains no person to whom he is not as much a burden as he is to his miserable self? The sorrow even of one true friend is not to be treated lightly. But I am content to dismiss this part of the question; to resign all the social duties by which we are so strongly bound, great and important as they are. I will suppose the suicide literally to have no friend; to be rejected by all, and a burden to himself."

"Well!" interrupted Tyrrel, eagerly, "and what remains for such a being, but to die? Why should he hesitate to free himself, by one bold measure, from cares that nothing else can cure?"

"That question," said Lord Malton, "might

be more difficult to answer if life were merely given us for our enjoyment,—a bauble to gratify us for a time, and to be cast off when it grows distasteful. But the most careless eye can see that life is not a scene of pleasure, nor ever could be meant for such. What is it to many, from birth to death, but one continued burden; a burden which they are bound to bear with fortitude? We have much to suffer and to do; and were we sent to these duties with permission to fly from them when they grow irksome? Impossible. If pleasure be not the end of our being, the want of happiness can never vitiate our contract, or afford us a plea for eluding it. Our life was lent us to be well employed."

"But if the means of employing it well are no longer in our power?" said Tyrrel.

"They always are," replied Lord Malton. "If we do not see them, we are not to plead our own blindness: we ought to see them, and to use them. But granting that we have no

means of doing a visible benefit to any one, shall we even then dare to say that the end of our being is frustrated? There are other duties to perform. We can still suffer. I do not advocate the superstitious, voluntary self-inflictions of the ancient anchorets. They centered all in suffering. They indulged in it (if one may so speak) to the neglect of useful duties. But if they could court this expiation, shall we shrink from affliction when it comes unsought? You think it allowable to fly from the rubs of fortune: would you then also destroy yourself to escape the torment of an excruciating disease?"

"No," replied Tyrrel firmly. "I never flinched from bodily pain, and I never will. But I would sacrifice a limb to cure the evil. You say, my life is only lent me to be well employed. No more, then, are my limbs; yet I may part with all of them. And what says scripture? 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.' You see it even pre-

scribes the sacrifice.—I know what you mean by that look. 'The devil can quote scripture for his purpose.'"

"That was not my thought," said Lord Malton. "I was only questioning how far you would venture to proceed with your quotation. I see you do not choose to finish it."

"Well—well," said Tyrrel impatiently, "if I do not, that is but little to the purpose. I say again, our limbs are lent us as our lives are; and they are a part of the whole human machine, just as our lives, it may be presumed, are a part of our whole state of existence here and hereafter. You see, the parallel holds exactly. Why, then, may we not dispose of our lives to escape from wordly misery, as we would of our limbs to save us from mortal diseases?"

"You are instituting a comparison," said Lord Malton, "which is more specious than real. You cannot, in point of nature, compare a material substance with an immaterial soul; nor in point of importance, can you class a sa-

crifice which operates no change in our identity, with the transition into another state of being. Our limbs are not ourselves. They are mere instruments that we employ. Maim me as you will, and I am still an accountable human being, born to the same end, destined to the same duties, and equally capable of all the nobler functions of humanity. We are not born for the mere exercise of our hands and feet; no, nor to use our eyes or ears. They are all either mischievous or worthless, without the moral impulse that directs them. And these are the machines that you compare with life itself. Tyrrel, this is but sophistry."

"We have no umpire to decide that point," said Tyrrel; "but let it be so, if you will. I do not lay much stress upon that argument. No —I ground my sentiments upon broader principles; upon the immutable laws of human nature; and what law of our nature, I would ask, is more general, more imperative, than that which enjoins us to fly from pain, from misery,

from evil of every description? And are we not obeying this, in ridding ourselves of a miserable existence?"

"To expose your argument," said Lord Malton, "I need only extend it. Are we not obeying another law of our nature, in assailing the man that has injured us? Why are we prone to anger, if we are forbidden to indulge it? Are vindictive feelings given us only to be stifled? Upon these principles you may justify murder. We know that our nature is depraved; and shall we then suffer it to be our guide? The laws of our nature have been the cloak of crime, from time immemorial. Every thief can plead an impulse which he could not resist."

"But you speak of crimes that are forbidden," said Tyrrel. "We know we must abstain from those."

"And is not suicide forbidden? Do not you remember those few plain words, 'Thou shalt not kill?'"

"They refer only to the destruction of others," said Tyrrel.

"They may extend to all," replied Lord Malton; "and it is not for us to forge the exception."

"In our acceptation of doubtful precepts," said Tyrrel, "we must be guided by the light of reason."

"The light of reason," said Lord Malton, "may be applied with equal advantage to your law of human nature. You say we naturally fly from evils;—true; but have we not a sense given us—the light of reason, if you will—to institute a balance of evils? And what comparison can there be between the short-lived misery which we may endure here, and that eternal futurity of woe which we may incur, for aught we know, by the very act which transports us to another state. And even if the act itself were not sinful, who shall presume at any moment to say that he is fit to die? Tyrrel,

you these things should weigh with you. Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Do I?" exclaimed he, his countenance changing as he spoke. "Do I not? I have it here:" and he smote his breast with violence.

Lord Malton was shocked at this terrible expression of a labouring conscience, and was silent for a while; but Tyrrel soon regained his tranquillity, and drawing his hand across his brow, "You have not convinced me yet," said he; "I will not give up the right of self-destruction; I stand up for the liberty of the species; nor will I hastily brand an act which has been sanctified by so many heroic examples of ancient virtue; an act which mainly distinguishes us from the brute—for no brute would voluntarily part with life; an act by which we show our fortitude; by which we soar superior to the mere instinctive dread of death; by which we exhibit the proud triumph of mind over matter, and display first our strength of intellect in forming such a ter-

rible election, and next, our unconquerable firmness in daring to carry it into execution."

"You lately contended," said Lord Malton, "that it was proper to comply with the laws of our nature. You now talk of soaring superior to vulgar instinct. On which of these grounds do you defend suicide? Is instinct, or, in other words, the law of our nature, to be thwarted, or obeyed? Your two arguments neutralize each other. One of them must fall. Let it be the former, if you will. Well, then, you talk of a noble triumph over instinctive fear, and commend suicide on the score of fortitude. Consider again, before you urge so weak an argument. Fortitude! Can the suicide lay claim to that? What! the man who dies because he has not the courage to live! who wants firmness to endure the evils of life; and who, like a short-sighted coward, flies from the present miseries that he sees and feels, to others that he fancies less, because they are not obvious to his senses! In what estimation

do we hold the soldier who deserts his corps because he dares not brave the hardships of the campaign? Even such, and worse, is the suicide."

"Your parallel," said Tyrrel, "is not a just one. The deserter means to escape entirely from the power of his former masters; but the suicide, who believes in a future state, knows that though in another state of being, he shall still be equally under the controul of his Creator, and for aught he knows may still serve him as acceptably as before"

"Would a deserting soldier be excused," replied Lord Malton, "because in quitting his proper duty he took refuge in a ship of war? It is not for us to choose in what state of being we shall serve our Maker; nor can we presume to say that our services would be equally acceptable in another. We know enough of the object of our being to induce us to bear with resignation the lot which Providence assigns: but

did we know much less, our very ignorance, instead of nourishing such presumption, should teach us humility and caution. Tyrrel!" continued he, with great earnestness, "let this consideration weigh with you. If my arguments have failed to convince, still do not suffer so vital a question to pass unheeded from your mind, through the weakness of its advocate. If you have any doubts remaining, even they should plead against you, as strongly as the most powerful arguments that I could use. "I solemnly entreat you, Tyrrel, let no pressure of worldly misfortune debase you so far as to lead you to the commission of this dreadful act."

Tyrrel was silent for a while. At length, with a slight, uneasy smile, he said, "There is little to be feared from one who can discuss the question calmly, as I do. Theory and practice do not often go hand in hand. But enough of this gloomy subject. Let us talk about ourselves, or rather, about you—for I my-

self am but a woeful topic. You are young—younger by ten years than I am; and you will have rank and affluence. Your prospect is a happy one; and you ought to be happy; and I dare say you are."

"Rank and wealth," said Lord Malton, "are never sufficient of themselves to produce happiness. I have experienced that already."

"You are not yet reconciled to the novelty of your situation," said Tyrrel, looking him earnestly in the face. "You probably feel its unaccustomed duties somewhat irksome. That feeling will wear off. All that you now dislike will soon be a source of pleasure to you. You will have new ties to bind you to life. Before long you will probably marry."

"There is time enough for that," said Lord Malton, visibly disturbed; and rising from his chair, he walked towards the window, while Tyrrel followed him, with an inquiring eye.

"Are you going already?" said he.

"Yes—no; I will stay longer, if you wish it," replied Lord Malton, as if scarcely conscious what he said.

He returned to his seat, and was thoughtful and silent. Tyrrel was equally so; but his was a silence ruffled by agitation. His countenance lost its previous composure; he rose with a restless air, walked to the fire and to the window, and then again resumed his seat, as if attempting by change of situation to rouse himself to the firmness necessary for the effort he was about to make.

"You are right," said he, at last; "there is time enough before you." He paused awhile, and then proceeded: "I did not seek this interview for the mere pleasure of conversation, glad as I am to meet you. Seeing you yesterday in the street, I followed you, as I thought, unobserved, that I might discover your place of residence. Having found out that, it was my intention to have written to you; but I changed

my mind, and determined, if possible, to waylay you again, and seek a personal conference. I have much to tell you!"

He stopped, and Lord Malton sat in breathless expectation, awaiting the result. A deep flush passed over Tyrrel's countenance. "I cannot tell you now," said he; "no; not to-day—another time."

"Shall I come to you to-morrow?" said Lord Malton.

Tyrrel did not return an immediate answer. "No," he added, "do not call. Your visits might excite attention. I will write to you—that is best. You shall hear from me to-morrow."

Lord Malton now rose to depart. "Be assured," said he, extending his hand to Tyrrel, "that you may ever command my services."

"I know it," said Tyrrel, with a voice of emotion, and he wrung his hand with an earnestness which showed he felt deeply what he said. He retained it for a while; looked at him

fixedly and sadly; then turning his head, with a low and scarcely articulate "farewell!" he walked from him, and Lord Malton silently departed.

CHAP. XVIII.

O Mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

ON the following morning, Lord Malton received a packet, directed to him in Tyrrel's handwriting. It was said to require no answer. He opened the envelope, and found it to contain two letters, one for himself, the other directed to "Miss Jermyn, by favour of Lord Malton."

Within his own letter, the seal of which he eagerly broke, was a small note, with the words, "To be read last," written on the outside. He laid it by him on the table, and sat down with a strong feeling of curiosity and interest to the perusal of the letter, which ran thus:—

"In viewing the contents of this paper, you will no longer be surprised that I should have preferred the present mode of communicating them to you, and will easily comprehend the feelings which have induced me to shrink from the painful task of a personal explanation. But the present mode, though less painful, will not, I trust, be less complete. Perhaps it will be more so. I shall dare to tell you many things on paper, which my tongue might probably have refused to utter; and you will be spared the embarrassment of hearing an appalling torrent of self-accusation, from the lips of one, for whom, with all his faults, your kindness shows that you still feel some portion of regard. Prepare, therefore, for a confession; a confession disclosing facts and feelings, some of which I now relate as a satisfaction to myself, and in part of atonement for past transgressions; and others which nearly concern your happiness, and which the voice of justice imperatively bids me no longer withhold.

"I will first speak to you of myself. I will lay open my failings boldly and sincerely; and though the task may be severe, yet shall I hail the self-inflicted punishment as a small portion of that which my grievous errors have deserved. You will perhaps see me presented in darker colours than you have yet known; but at the same time your indignation will, I trust, be softened by the candour which dictates my avowal. You know me already as the fraudulent gamester, and as the man of turbulent and misguided passions. You will know still worse of me anon. But I will not anticipate; I will rather pause to inquire how I became the wretch I am.

"I attribute many of my failings (I know not how justly,) to the unhappy circumstances of my birth, and the false character which I was instructed to maintain. My life has been one lie. I have been ever struggling onward under a burden of borrowed dignity, and I consequently became a creature of assumption and deceit. I

wore my galling fetters till I grew callous to their reproach; and felt shamefully pleased in cheating the world into an obsequious homage to that which I knew was really base. My passage through society has been that of an utterer of false coin; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that I should have contracted the vices incident to such a course. Ought I not to have blushed with shame on receiving those attentions, however interested, which were paid to me as the heir apparent of a peer—I, who knew that the very servant at my chair's back, legitimate as he was, and of honest parents, was better born, in truth, than I? I ought to have felt this keenly; but I did not. My finer sentiments were blunted. I had begun my course of deception when yet a child; and early learned to view my fellows as beings that I was privileged to delude. Was not this fit education for a rising sharper? In truth it was; and the result has proved it.

"But you will say, by this early knowledge of my situation, I have been spared the shock of a painful discovery, at a time when I should have been fully sensible of its cruel aggravation. True; and to inform me early was a seeming kindness; but I question whether it has proved a real one. I do not impugn the motives of those who urged the disclosure. It was, if I mistake not, expressly stipulated by your late uncle, to whose worth I am not a stranger, and whose memory I respect. I do full justice to the benevolence of his intentions; I am only disposed to question their wisdom. But let me hasten to the catalogue of my offences."

The letter then described the deep-rooted hatred which Tyrrel had conceived for Granby, long before he knew him; his first struggles to suppress its display; his treacherous professions of friendship, and unsuccessful endeavours to instill into Granby a passion for gambling; his subsequent practices upon Courtenay; and

the way in which he meant to avail himself of his co-operation. It then related his endeavours to frustrate the union of Granby and Caroline; his wish to win her for himself; his rejection by her; and his calumnious accusations of his cousin. He dwelt upon his dread of detection in the event of Granby's acceptance of Sir Thomas Jermyn's proffered civilities; the fracas at the opera, and the use he made of that event; and it conveyed the important information, that the insulting answer to Granby's letter, written in the name, and apparently by the hand of Sir Thomas Jermyn, was forged by Tyrrel.

The letter then proceeded as follows:—

"I have told my offences; let me now endeavour to repair them. Enclosed, I send a letter, to be transmitted by you to Miss Jermyn. It will contain your full acquittal of all offences against her, with which I have ever charged you; and also an explanation of the cause which led you to reject the proffered

civilities of her father. Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn will not shrink, as heretofore, from your advances to their daughter. They will willingly go more than half way in opening the door to reconciliation. Do not suffer your pride to take offence at being thus courted and accepted, for your glittering externals of rank and fortune. Content yourself with the recollection, that she whose love you chiefly prize can love you for yourself alone.

"Receive this explanation as a small atonement for my numerous offences,—an atonement trifling indeed, and insufficient, but all that I can now make. It is a consolatory reflection, that I who have marred your happiness, should be mainly instrumental in restoring it. It is a reflection that will gild my last hours with a brighter gleam of pleasure than I have lately known. Perhaps too, the last act of our existence carries with it a weight and solemnity which effaces the memory of our former sins.

An inward sentiment, springing I know not whence, prompts me powerfully to this persuasion. Perhaps the hope may be fallacious; but be it what it may, I have not strength to resist its impulse. My election is irrevocably made. May one of my last acts be *this*. Now, read the enclosed note."

It was with a cold shudder of suspicious dread, that Lord Malton read the few last lines of this important letter. He turned pale, and hastily took up the note. Eager as he was to see its contents, a dreadful presentiment half checked his hand as he opened it. In another instant he had cast his eyes upon the following lines:—

"The die is cast. My career must shortly close. Your observations yesterday startled me, at least, if they did not convince. But it matters not—with me it is no longer an affair of reason, but of impulse. I cannot live. I must quit this scene of misery and despair. My resolution

is unalterable. *Judge of my firmness by this writing. My hand does not tremble as it pens these lines; nor will it when it draws the trigger. Farewell for the last time. Yours in death. G. G. T."

Lord Malton started from his seat with an exclamation of horror. First arose the dreadful impression that the fatal deed was already done. Next sprung up a ray of hope, suggesting that by great promptitude he might still save the life of Tyrrel.

At such a time, to think and act were one. He snatched up his hat, hastily passed his astonished servant, rushed out of the house, and ran with the note still grasped unconsciously in his hand, to Tyrrel's lodgings.

He soon arrived at the house. The door was open, and he entered. There was a group of people standing in the passage in the attitude of listeners, staring with an horror-stricken air in the faces of each other. He hur-

ried by, without addressing them, but heard as he passed in a loud whisper, "who is that?" and "should we not tell him?"

He saw at once that something terrible had occurred. With the energy of despair he rushed up the narrow stairs which led to Tyrrel's room. A man was at the top who said something which Lord Malton did not hear, and seemed by his gestures to forbid his progress. But Henry would not be prevented. "I am his cousin," said he, and pushing the man aside, forced open the nearest door, which was that of the room where Tyrrel slept.

It was dusky and full of smoke, and he could not at first distinguish what it contained. In a few seconds he perceived two men, one near the window, which he was attempting to open, and the other by the bed; and motionless on that bed lay extended the dark dim semblance of a human figure.

Henry tried to approach it—but could not. One of the men came near and spoke to him.

What was said he did not know; he barely heard the sound of the voice, and that seemed to die away. The dim scene darkened around him, and became less and less distinct. The bed and its dreadful load were last seen, and they swam and flitted before his eyes; and then a mist came over them, and sight and sound were lost together. He had fainted.

On regaining his senses, Henry found himself seated on a sofa, in another apartment, which on looking round, he recognized as Tyrrel's sitting-room. He was attended by two persons, one of whom was applying water to his face. After sitting awhile to regain his shattered strength, he rose and surveyed the apartment. On the table stood a writing-desk belonging to his cousin, wide open and empty; and on the hearth, beneath the grate, lay a large black heap of burnt papers, which showed the dreadful deliberation with which his unhappy relative had prepared for his end. Near the

writing-desk lay a sheet of paper doubled down, on the outside of which was written in Tyrrel's hand, "To H. G." He thought it might be meant for him, and took it up. Within were the following words:—

"I have destroyed all my papers. I have left no memorial that can tell the world what I was. The secret rests with you. I charge you keep it. I have given my last sixpence to the people of the house; let them also have my clothes, and the few moveables that remain."

Below was the signature at full length, "George Gregory Thompson," the name by which Tyrrel was known to the people in whose house he lodged.

Henry was much affected by the sight of the last short address; and shuddered at a retrospect of the probable mental agonies of the unhappy man, who wished to preserve his disguise even in death, and slink unacknowledged to his untimely grave.

"Perhaps," said Lord Malton, to himself, "it is better that it should be so. At any rate I feel strongly impelled to respect this expression of his dying wish. The secret does indeed rest with me; and if I withdraw myself, and withhold my testimony at the inquest, who shall know that yonder corpse, disfigured as it doubtless is, was once Tyrrel?"

In consequence of this reflection, he determined not to inform the people of the house of his name or present address, lest these should furnish an immediate clue to the identity of his unfortunate relation. Finding his strength increased, and his agitation somewhat subsided, he requested the presence of the master of the house, and told him that the remaining property of the deceased was his; and laying several sovereigns on the table, desired that after the inquest the funeral might be privately but decently performed. He also said that he should withhold both his name and address;

but that he should be forthcoming again, in the course of a few days, and that, if farther sums were necessary they should be supplied.

From this man he gathered some particulars, to which, distressing as they were, he could not deny himself the melancholy satisfaction of listening. He learned that Mr. Thompson, (who was regarded as an old man, so complete was the disguise) had sat up writing during the greater part of the preceding night, and was frequently heard to start up and walk about, uttering terrible groans, and broken exclamations of anguish; that early this morning he had requested to see the master of the house, and had placed in his hand a sum of money, considerably exceeding the rent of his rooms, and desired that it might be kept till he demanded it again. After that, he was supposed to have employed himself for some time in burning papers. About an hour before his commission of the fatal act, he went out of the house with

a small packet in his hand. What he had done with this, they knew not; but he very soon returned, and on re-entering his room, was heard to lock and bolt the door. After this nothing was heard, not even a foot-step, for some time, during which period they were commenting on his strange and mysterious conduct, and drawing inferences, which the result had dreadfully verified. While they were thus employed, he was heard to pass from his sitting room to the adjoining bed-room, and in a few minutes the report of a pistol struck their ears. They knew the dreadful truth at once, and rushing to his apartment, forced open the door, but found life extinct. He was then lying across his bed, one pistol still grasped in his hand, while the other lay on the floor near him. They were both discharged. He must have fired them at the same instant, for only one report was heard.

Returned to his own hotel, Lord Malton

strictly forbade all approach, and applied himself to the dreadful retrospect of recent scenes. With fearful interest, and sad misgivings, did he dwell upon the dying prospects of the misguided Tyrrel. He tried to wean his thoughts from the needless and agitating remembrance of this catastrophe, and turn them to the happier prospects which Tyrrel's last letter had opened to his view. But his mind refused to follow this direction, and lingered round the scene of death with stubborn pertinacity.

When at length he did turn to future prospects, the scene he had just quitted invested them with a dark colouring of its own. He looked only on possibilities of evil. He saw, in the visions of his disordered fancy, Caroline still averse to him, or engaged, or married to another, or ill, or dying, "or dead," said he to himself, as the mischievous phantom crossed his mind.

Then passed the parents in array; Lady Jermyn smiling on him in derision; the father

penning fresh abuse, and loading him with added insults. Then as the hours of evening rolled away, came horrid forms, and flitted round him in terrible succession. There was his cousin in various past scenes and characters: he was shaking the accursed dice—levelling at his head the pistol—striking him in the room at Tedsworth. Then he passed by in his disguise, and followed him, and glared upon him, till his blood seemed to curdle in his veins; and wherever he cast his eyes around, the walls were peopled with repetitions of his frightful image.

Then again, all was swept away at once, and near and around him, whether his eyes were closed or opened, he seemed alike to view numberless resemblances of the bed, the very bed that he had seen that morning, and on it lay the mangled corpse: he could no longer bear the sight; but, trying to shun it, he rushed in

desperation from the room, to seek repose and safety on his own couch.

But there—even there in imagination, a ghastly figure lay extended; the hands and clothes were stained with blood, and he thought it was Tyrrel, and it moved, and rose, and seemed to approach him: he tried to fly from it; but his limbs were weak and heavy—a painful numbness had crept over them—and he turned in despair to face the phantom—but it was gone. A racking pain was in his head, and a parching heat seemed to shrivel up his languid frame.

He was in a high state of fever, and the horrid images which his perverted fancy conjured up, were terrible effects of incipient delirium.

His illness rapidly increased, and on the following morning he had just strength and sense left, to issue orders that medical help should be

called in, and then shortly afterwards sunk into a state of stupor, which foreboded no slight danger. During the next day he was much worse, and was confined to his bed; nor did any symptoms of amelioration present themselves for some days afterwards.

CHAP. XIX.

The matter of his great offence is dead;
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it.
All's Well that ends Well.

MEANWHILE an inquest had been held upon the body of Tyrrel. The persons who lived in the house where he lodged were the only witnesses. They described him as a man of retired and inoffensive habits, who seldom spoke to any of them, and spent most of his time in his own apartment. They represented, that he did not appear to be in distressed circumstances, for he had punctually payed his weekly rent, and had given away sums of money on the morning of his death. He was, therefore, not driven

to the rash act by embarrassments of a pecuniary kind. He would sit up the greater part of the night, and was sometimes heard exclaiming to himself, in a tone of great grief and bitterness. He had never any visitor, but one young gentleman in black, who came the day before his death, and sat with him a considerable time. They also stated, that the same gentleman, a short time after the commission of the fatal act, had rushed into the house, and had gone straight to the apartment of the deceased; that he staid a considerable time, seemed much overcome with grief, took a great interest in the affairs of the deceased, and deposited some money to discharge the expences of the funeral; that he had refused to give his name and address, but promised to appear again,—which he had hitherto failed to do. The name of the deceased was stated to be George Gregory Thompson; which answered to the initials on his linen. His disguise was detected upon examination of the body, and this singular assumption of age, for

which they could assign no reason, and some few other peculiarities, were thought by the jury to form a sufficient plea for a verdict of "insanity."

At the time of the inquest, no clue had been obtained to the discovery of Lord Malton's name; and the case, therefore, was simply recorded as the suicide of one Thompson. In the course, however, of a few hours, an accidental circumstance contributed to detail the identity of both parties. A card was discovered in Tyrrel's bed-room, containing the name and address of Lord Malton. It instantly occurred to the owner of the house, that this card might possibly have belonged to the unknown visitor, whose re-appearance he was so anxiously expecting; and prompted by the desire of securing an ample remuneration for all expences incurred on behalf of the deceased, he went to the Clarendon Hotel, to ascertain the identity, and there enquired for Lord Malton.

He was told by the servant, that Lord Mal-

ton was ill in bed, and in a state of great danger. Staggered by this intelligence, the man then asked how long he had been in this state; and his suspicions were confirmed by the information that Lord Malton had gone out suddenly on a particular morning, (naming that of Tyrrel's death), and had returned in the course of a few hours, apparently much distressed; and that his illness had commenced from that time.

"Was Lord Malton's distress occasioned by the death of any relation?" said the man. The servant could not tell—perhaps it might. His master, in his delirium, had often mentioned the name of one gentleman, a near relation; but he was not aware, for his own part, that he was dead: indeed, he did not know where he was—he had not been heard of for some time.

"And who is that gentleman?"

"Mr. Tyrrel, a cousin of my Lord's; the late Lord's son."

"The late Lord's son? How happened he not to have the title?"

"Why," replied the servant, in a confidential tone, pleased to communicate such an important piece of family history, "this Mr. Tyrrel as is cousin to my Lord, turned out, after the old Lord's death, to be an *unnatural* child, and thereby, you see, my master came to be Lord Malton."

Various other enquiries were then made, by which the querist soon elicited sufficient intelligence to render it tolerably certain that the deceased was no other than Tyrrel. Whatever doubts now remained were also dispelled by a subsequent communication with one of those persons who were interested in Tyrrel's detection. From him he received fresh confirmation of his suspicions; and as these suspicions came to the knowledge of some of those diligent persons, called in the slang of the trade "creepers," whose business it is to prowl about collecting incidents for the newspapers, a paragraph soon made its appearance, describing the disguise of the supposed Thompson, with other concomi-

tant circumstances, and intimating that little doubt was entertained of the identity of the deceased with Mr. T——l, whose illegitimacy and sudden flight had lately caused so strong a sensation in the fashionable world."

This was the paragraph which had been read by the party at Brackingsley, a few days previous to the account of Lord Malton's dangerous illness; and which, as it was intimately connected with the former mysterious event, had been collected and introduced as an interesting appendage, by the same industrious creeper.

The statement contained in that paragraph, was but too fully verified. Lord Malton had now lain many days stretched on the bed of sickness, in a state of considerable danger. At length his disorder began to take a favourable turn; his youth triumphed over the influence of disease; and the physicians who attended him ventured to pronounce, that although recovery might be distant, all actual danger was now past. The fever abated, and with it the delirium which

had rendered him scarcely, at any time, clearly sensible of what was passing around him.

One morning, on awakening from a more tranquil sleep than he had lately enjoyed, he heard a voice in his apartment, whose tones, though low, he instantly recognized. It was Courtenay. He started up, and saw him in another instant at his side.

Lord Malton extended his feeble hand, which Courtenay pressed with warmth. A few minutes were spent in the interchange of kind enquiries; when Courtenay slightly and delicately alluded to the distress of mind which his friend must lately have undergone.

Lord Malton looked enquiringly in his face "To what do you refer?" said he.

Courtenay hesitated, and feared to enlarge upon a topic so painful.—"Tyrrel," said he, almost in a whisper.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lord Malton, "are you then acquainted with that dreadful circumstance? I had hoped the name would not have

been known. How have you gained this knowledge ?"

" From the public prints," replied Courtenay.

" Has it then indeed been made so public? Oh, my poor cousin! would he had been saved that shame! I will tell you more of this at some future time. In my present state, and recent as it is, the subject is too distressing. I have many other things to mention; but I am still too feeble. I should speak to you of facts and feelings too interesting to be mentioned without much agitation; and *that* I dare not yet incur. Another day must suffice. I am rendered more sensible of my weakness, by my present slight effort at exertion."

Courtenay observed equal caution in abstaining, for the time, from alluding to any circumstances of a very interesting nature, and did not even inform him that he had come direct from Brackingsley. That name, he thought, would probably bring with it associations which, in the

present weak state of his friend's health, had better be avoided. He therefore contented himself with the assurance of his present safety, and wrote a favourable account, for the satisfaction of Caroline, to Sir Thomas Jermyn.

Every hour now brought some accession of strength to Henry, and on the following day, when Courtenay was with him, finding himself much more equal to the task of talking, he could not refrain from expressing some of those thoughts which lay so deeply at his heart. Foremost of these was reparation for the unjust suspicions which he had suffered himself to entertain against the integrity of his friend.

"Courtenay," said he, "I do not know whether I have ever given you occasion to charge me with any positive act of unkindness. I tried to be guarded in my conduct; but still, I fear, you must have observed my altered manner."

"I did," said Courtenay, "but it did not surprise me; I felt that my own ruinous folly

must have sunk me low indeed in your estimation. It was a kindness in you to show your disapprobation of it."

"No, Courtenay, I cannot allow you to put so favourable an interpretation upon my conduct. It was not that which caused the change. It was a mean and ungenerous suspicion, which I bitterly reproach myself for having ever entertained. I will not wound you by relating all of which I was weak enough to think you guilty. It would be also painful to myself—I should blush to do it. But it is on your acccount, not mine, that I withhold it. It is not necessary that you should know. There is nothing of which you have any need to clear yourself. Be the imputations what they may, I solemnly declare that I acquit you of them all. I remember, last summer, I ungenerously said, that I wished to be thanked by deeds, rather than by words. It is a demand which you have amply fulfilled. I cannot express to you how much I feel obliged by your great goodness in coming to see me in my ill-

ness. It was very—very kindly done. But what brings you to town at this strange season?"

Courtenay hesitated, not wishing to magnify his own exertions. "I came," said he, "to see you. The papers reported you in great danger."

"Indeed!" said Lord Malton. "It is strange that my illness should be considered worthy of mention. No—no," added he after a moment's thought, "poor Tyrrel! his sad fate accounts for that. I suppose all is known by this time. Well—well—I ought to thank them for having brought you to me. But where did you come from?"

"From Brackingsley," said Courtenay.

"So far?" replied Lord Malton; and then after a short pause as if collecting courage to proceed, he added, "were they all informed of my situation?"

"They were," said Courtenay, "and were all much grieved to hear it."

Henry looked him earnestly in the face.

"We received the intelligence," pursued Courtenay, "one morning at breakfast. It was in the newspaper. Miss Jermyn saw it first."

Henry's pulse beat quicker at the name; but he said nothing, for he scarcely dared to ask a question, lest the answer should prove unfavourable.

"We were all of us much grieved at the news. Miss Jermyn in particular was very much affected at it—much more than any body else."

"Was she?" exclaimed Henry eagerly—"thank God! then she still cares for me."

"She does indeed," said Courtenay, "and is only fearful that your affection must have changed."

"Can this be true?" said Henry.

Courtenay confirmed it by a look. Both were silent for some time. Henry's mind was too full to admit the fluent utterance of his thoughts; and they were of a nature to be rather secretly enjoyed than openly communicated. "Courte-

nay," said he at length, "why did not I tell you sooner what my feelings were on that subject? I, who saw you incurring the hazard of becoming attached yourself? I, too, who thought that you had injured me in that quarter? I wish I had been more explicit. To a friend like you, I might have spoken freely, even on a point so delicate as this. But I have been a poor deluded creature. I dare say I was wrong even in imagining that you were ever disposed to pay Miss Jermyn more than the attention of ordinary civility."

Courtenay was silent. He had too much magnanimity to acquaint his friend with the extent of the sacrifice which he had made in his behalf.

"If you did appear to take more than ordinary pleasure in her society," pursued Lord Malton with a smile, "I think I can now account for it, on the score of a certain resemblance that existed between Miss Jermyn and another lady, whom perhaps it is not necessary to men-

tion. Perhaps, too, I, who have been so secret in my own affairs, have little right to babble about your's. But I dare say you will excuse me. You will not be alarmed at hearing me mention the name of Lady Emily Manvers."

Courtenay exhibited no alarm, but some surprise, and a slight confusion. He was thoughtful for a while, and then said, "I feel some ground for reproach on hearing the name of that lady. I fear I may have trifled with her. I paid her at one time a good deal of attention. I think she was pleased with it. I had no serious views; but such being the case, I ought not to have gone so far. We lost sight of each other for a long time, and on meeting again, from pure inadvertence I treated her, not with marked neglect, but at any rate with carelessness and indifference; and she grew cold in consequence, and fell into other society, and so the matter ended;—and I only hope that she really did not care about me."

"I cannot encourage you in that hope," said Lord Malton.

"Indeed!" said Courtenay, looking enquiringly in his face. "But how came you to know anything about it?"

"In my way to town," replied Lord Malton, "I staid a few days at Lord Allerdale's. I then saw a good deal of Lady Emily. I observed that she felt an evident pleasure in talking to me—knew more about me than I could account for—and was particularly anxious to hear about past scenes in which you and I had figured together. At first I was naturally disposed to interpret this interest in a manner flattering to myself. But I soon discovered beyond all question, that I was only listened to as your friend, and that the object of interest was yourself. Did not you know this? It seems, then, that like me you are a happier man than you thought you were."

There was more of perplexity than pleasure

in Courtenay's face at that moment: but the former gradually died away, and a gleam of faint satisfaction stole imperceptibly over it. "I must endeavour," said he gravely, "to attach myself to her."

Here the subject dropped, and they parted.

Henry soon regained sufficient strength to write a letter to Sir Thomas Jermyn, explanatory of the cause which led him to treat his civilities in town with such apparent disdain. In this letter he enclosed that which Tyrrel had directed to be conveyed through his means to Miss Jermyn. It was as follows:

"Do not hesitate to peruse this letter, however hateful may be its writer. It can contain no repetition of the offer which you once so indignantly rejected; nor does it tend to corroborate those representations which then caused you such affliction. By the time you receive

this, you will perhaps have heard the story of my unhappy fate, and will know that he who writes these lines, has sealed their testimony with his blood. I am not unconscious of the attachment that has subsisted between yourself and my cousin. I knew of its existence, at least on his side, at the period of my endeavour to obtain your hand. Accident first informed me of it, and enabled me to gain a full acknowledgment from him. Of your sentiments I knew nothing, and my cousin either would not or could not give me any information respecting your feelings towards himself. My own observations, until our last eventful interview, had led me to suppose you indifferent; and under that persuasion, and encouraged by the friendship of your manner, I ventured to address you in the language of love. Suffer me to confess that my love was feigned; that I approached you with mercenary views; and that I have been for-

tunately debarred from the possession of a treasure which I had not the sense to appreciate. This confession may seem needlessly offensive to you, and humiliating to myself; but if a stern uncompromising disclosure of my motives can add anything to the confidence with which you receive the following statement, my purpose will be fully answered. I knew that my cousin loved and sought you; and from the moment I knew this, I determined to frustrate his wishes. For this purpose only did I, in the first instance, endeavour to extend that intimacy with your family which increased so rapidly during your stay in London. You know how I employed it. Doubtless you can now call to mind my many insidious observations, apparently of little import, but calculated to impress you with an idea of my cousin's indifference. All these I now recall. They were spoken with a design—the design of preventing the possibility of an

union between yourself and him; and however the ground-work might have been true and circumstantial, the colouring was that of falsehood. On one occasion only did I venture to make a direct assertion respecting my cousin. After my proposal,—rejected by you, and rejected, as it appeared, for him,—I was actuated by momentary pique to transgress the bounds of my usual caution. I said that my cousin had urged me to address you. It was false. If he did utter words to that effect, they were ironically spoken, and wrung from him by my attacks. I said that he had shewn to me the lock of hair which you once gave him, and had spoken slightingly of the donor. It was false. He never spoke of you but with affection and respect; and the discovery of the hair was effected by accident. I told you that he had made an unsuccessful offer of marriage to Miss Darrel. This was also a falsehood. In spite of the kindness of your disposition—in spite of

the partial atonement of this confession—you will probably abhor my memory for these acts of slander. But do not yet throw down the letter with disgust. I have more to tell. I have done still worse. I had slandered my cousin; and any subsequent communication between you and him would have exposed me to the danger of detection. This danger I made a desperate effort to avert. You probably know that your father expressed a wish to see my cousin at his house. You may also have known that a slight misunderstanding took place the following evening at the Opera, and that my cousin took no further notice of the proffered civilities of Sir Thomas Jermyn. But you do not know, nor does your father, that my cousin addressed to him a letter of great civility, explaining the circumstance that occurred. This letter I intercepted, and returned an answer written as if by your father, couched in insulting terms, and positively declining all further

communication upon that or any other subject. You will no doubt shew this statement to Sir Thomas Jermyn. I write it for his information as well as your's. I have sown the seeds of dissension —I have effected the separation of those who ought to be united in the bonds at least of friendship.—I, who did these things, am the properest person to repair them; and the reflection that I now do thus repair them, conveys to my wounded conscience a deep satisfaction—an inward calm, which effaces much of the pain and shame which this avowal should excite. May my explanation prove effectual. May you be happily united to one who still sincerely loves you, and who is worthy of your tenderest regard. He has not seen the contents of my letter—he has only been informed of its object. You are at liberty to shew it to him, even before that period when I trust you will feel yourself bound by duty to open to him your whole heart. Farewell. May every happiness attend you

both. Thus prays sincerely a penitent and dying man; and this is the last address you will ever receive from the hands of

"GEORGE GRANBY TYRREL.

CHAP. XX.

All of a tenor was their after life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceived;
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.

Palamon and Arcite.

It would be difficult to describe the sentiments with which Caroline read this letter. It drew from her many tears—some of heartfelt joy, and some of grief for the miserable fate of the unhappy man who wrote it. The explanation of the cause of Henry's rejection of their civilities, gave great satisfaction to Sir Thomas and Lady Jermyn, who since his elevation to a peerage, had been longing for a dignified oppor-

tunity of recommencing their intercourse with him.

The result, after a little consultation, was a speedy answer to Lord Malton's letter, in which, without once mentioning their daughter, or Tyrrel, or any circumstance either very interesting or distressing, Sir Thomas expressed himself highly satisfied with the explanation, and kindly solicitous about the state of Lord Malton's health; and he added, that since London at this time of the year must be a very unhealthy place, and change of air would doubtless be recommended, it would give Lady Jermyn and himself sincere pleasure to see him at Brackingsley, whenever he might be strong enough to remove from his present residence.

Lord Malton, conscious that his change of circumstances had now rendered him such a connection as ambitious parents might be anxious to secure, was pleased at the delicacy with which they coloured their motives for facilitating an intimacy of which he was much more desirous than

even they could be. He gladly accepted the invitation; and as soon as his physician pronounced him able to bear with safety the fatigue of a journey, he flew, in novelistic phrase, "on the wings of love," or in plain English, in a travelling carriage and four, to Brackingsley.

Caroline's heart beat quick as she saw his carriage cross the park; and when she knew that he was actually in the house, the eagerness to see him which she had felt so strongly a few days ago, now gave way to a sensation of timidity, which made her, for an instant, almost shrink from the interview. She stood for awhile with her hand on the lock, summoning courage for the effort, and balancing whether it was or was not proper that she should go to see him without a formal notification of his arrival.

While thus debating, she heard her mother's quick step along the passage. She presently entered with a face all beaming with pleasure.

"Well, my love," said she, "he is come. I came to tell you. He has not lost much of his

good looks, though he is rather pale and thin at present; but he would not look half so much so if it was not for his black dress. He is in deep mourning—crape on his hat, and everything. His poor cousin, you know—though they were not cousins, as it turned out. He inquired immediately after you. I told him I would let you know he was here; so come with me and see him, my love. He will take it ill if you don't come soon. He is with your father in the library. How it agitates her! Poor dear foolish child! You must get the better of this nervous flurry, love, before you meet him; and I must not have you look so pale. You don't look well when you are so very pale—though, perhaps, he would not find that out. Oh! there—blush as much as you please—I dare say he will not quarrel with *that*."

In a few minutes Caroline was in the presence of her lover. As she entered, he rose and advanced quickly to meet her. It was for both an agitating moment. She could not look him

steadily in the face; nor if she had would she have distinguished a single feature, for every object in the room seemed to float dimly before her eyes. She just perceived that his hand was extended, and she almost mechanically gave him her own. She knew not whether he pressed it, nor did he know himself; but there was a nervous tremor visible in each.

In a few minutes Caroline was enabled to regard him more composedly. A transient flush was then passing from his cheek, on which there did not yet appear the steady bloom of health. There was less elasticity in his step; and though pleasure sparkled in his eyes, yet it was rather the sober glow of intense satisfaction mixed with a shade of pensiveness, than the bright effulgence of heightened spirits.

But the eye of love is slow to recognize defects, and quick to turn them to advantage. Caroline was more touched and interested by his sunken cheek and pensive eye, than she could have been by all his former gaiety. To her

fond eye, there was something graceful in the very languor of recent illness; and she thought that his present serious deportment, and melancholy suit of black, added to his manner a sombre dignity, more consonant with his present station.

This latter change often crossed her mind, and always with a slight portion of surprise; and though really gratified, and deeply too, she felt sometimes almost annoyed at it.

They did not talk much at first: their minds were too fully engrossed by interesting thoughts. They, however, endeavoured as far as possible, to banish all particularity from their manner. They tried to meet as friends—mere friends—and in this they partially succeeded. But this could not last long. Thrown together as they were, they soon gave way to the natural expression of their fervent feelings, and ere three days had passed, had exchanged mutual vows of lasting love.

Lord Malton took an early opportunity of

acquainting Sir Thomas Jermyn with the conversation that had passed between himself and Trebeck, at Lord Allerdale's. In so doing, however, he was careful to introduce it with all possible delicacy, and to avoid conveying to the Baronet's mind the impression that he suspected him of wishing to keep this circumstance a secret.

He soon afterwards entered upon a more agreeable topic—told him his heart's best wish—and heard with delight Sir Thomas's expressions of pleasure at the communication, and assurances that he should look forward with great satisfaction to the prospect of their nearer relationship.

It was, indeed, highly satisfactory to the Baronet and his Lady; for in point of rank and fortune, Henry was everything that they could wish; and after securing these first grand requisites, they would have preferred him individually to anybody. Sir Thomas chuckled in anticipating the frequent instances in which his young and wealthy son-in-law, oppressed with the

cares of his novel situation, would doubtless apply for the aid of his experience, and flattered himself that Henry's political proceedings in the Upper House, would be regulated upon the model of his father-in-law's judicious conduct in the Lower, and that the arrangements of the "ménage" at Tedsworth would "take their cue" from those of Brackingsley.

Lady Jermyn had perused already with her mind's eye the words, "Viscountess Malton on her marriage, by Lady Jermyn," in the list of presentations at the ensuing drawing-room; and had almost composed a description of her dress. She was never weary of looking forward to the high consideration to which her daughter would probably attain in fashionable circles, and even ventured to hope, that "with proper management," she might at some future time arrive at the supreme dignity of a patroness of Almack's.

Henry and Caroline thought not of these things. They were too happy in themselves to

suffer their thoughts to stray into "the world," as it is called *par excellence*, out of that little world of love in which they were all in all to one another. Many an interesting hour did they pass, in explaining all the circumstances and feelings by which they had severally been engaged and misled during their long and cruel separation; and many still more agreeable hours were spent in anticipating the happy scenes that lay before them.

Caroline also informed Henry of every particular of Courtenay's conduct in which she was in any degree concerned, and he felt his regard and gratitude to his friend rise high in the relation.

Placed, as he now was, in a state of unalloyed happiness, he rapidly improved in health; and his looks, improved as rapidly: though Caroline's partial eye saw no improvement in the latter, because in truth she sought for none.

From this time they were scarcely separated,

except by short occasional visits on the part of Henry, to Tedsworth or to town, where he was employed either in expediting the preliminaries for their union, or in directing arrangements, the object of which was her future gratification.

Thus passed two happy months, which nothing tended to render long, but an impatient expectation of that happier period by which they were to be succeeded; and on the arrival of which, after being united at Brackingsley, in the presence of her approving parents, and a large circle of congratulating friends, they repaired with bright prospects of long-lived happiness, to the splendid retirement of Tedsworth.

"C'en est assez," says Madame Cottin, in one of the most agreeable of her works, "arrêtons nous ici—reposons nous sur ces douces pensées. Ce que j'ai connu de la vie, de ses inconstances, de ses esperances trompées, de ses fugitives et chimeriques felicités, me ferait craindre, ci j'apretais une seule page a cette histoire, d'être obligée d'y placer un malheur." Notwithstanding our fears that the observation of the above-named

distinguished authoress may in too many instances be fully verified, we shall venture to add some "more last words," and annex what might be termed, in the language of the Roxburgh Club, the "colophon" of our third octavo. In fact, we cannot resist the temptation of inserting, for the benefit of those who did not see it, a passage which caught our eye a few days since in the columns of a Morning Paper. It ran verbatim thus:—"Expected Marriage in High Life.—It is confidently reported that Mr. Courtenay, grandson and heir of Lord Essendon, will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar Lady Emily Manvers, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Earl of Allerdale"

Saturday, March 19*th*, 1825.

THE END.

WHITTINGHAM, ARROWSMITH AND HODGES, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.